THREE YEARS AT GLENWOOD

BY MARGARET E. WINSLOW

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Katie stood leaning listlessly against the foot of the stairs
Page 138.

Three Years at Glenwood.

THREE YEARS AT GLENWOOD

A STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE

By MARGARET E. WINSLOW
Author of "Miss Malcolm's Ten," "Katie Robertson," etc.

A. L. BURT COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
NEW YORK

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PREFACE.

In *Katie Robertson*, the writer has endeavored to set forth some of the temptations incident to the life of girls supporting themselves by work in a paper-mill; in the present volume to indicate, those which surround the same and similar girls during the boarding-school preparation for an active part in life. In both, it has been her aim to show that the only armor in which to resist all temptations, the only strength in which to meet all responsibility, the only consolation in trouble, the only wisdom which can ensure success, lie in the keeping of the Lord Jesus, and are to be had by those who, having first given themselves to him, seek them by earnest, faithful and persevering prayer.

The incidents are nearly all true ones. Squantown is a real paper-mill; Glenwood is a real institute; and the characters are many of

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them so closely drawn from life, that the writer must apologize if the change of names has not, in all cases, disguised them from the originals.

The little educational dialogue which occurs in the first part of the book was prepared by the writer for one of the younger departments of the institute which has served as a model of Glenwood. It has never been printed; and though, as the reader will observe, not in full sympathy with the prevalent fashion of thus exhibiting little ones, she offers it to the public as both suitable for a school entertainment, and as containing nothing which can be considered objectionable by the most fastidious.

The school prayer-meetings, so minutely detailed, are exact reproductions of those once carried on in the same institution; and the story of Lilian's conversion is verbatim. Whatever may be the reader's opinion of this attempt to carry on evangelistic work in a secular school, the writer cannot but cherish a hope that some young soul, yearning for a better and purer life, may be led by this description to see how simple and easy a thing it is to believe in Jesus.

With this hope, and the earnest prayer that all readers, both young and old, will not only "seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness," but also find "added" all other things pleasant and profitable for this life and the next, this little volume is sent forth to the public.

CONTENTS.

Chapter		Page
I.	Homesickness	9
II.	Sunday at Glenwood	26
III.	School Life	45
IV.	Boarding-school Fun	63
V.	Sunday Visiting	80
VI.	A Wasted Opportunity	100
VII.	Commencing an Education	114
VIII.	Backbiting	131
IX.	Helen Lorne	149
X.	A Christian Sunday	168
XI.	Breaking Rules	189
XII.	Mademoiselle Pauline's Theory	211
XIII.	Busy Weeks	227
XIV.	Cleared	244
XV.	Vacation and Re-opening	257
XVI.	A Faithful Teacher's Work	278

XVII. From Death unto Life 295
XVIII. The Second Vacation 314
XIX. The Senior Year 329
XX. Commencement. 344

THREE YEARS AT GLENWOOD.

CHAPTER I.

HOMESICKNESS.

A YOUNG girl of about fifteen sat rather disconsolately by the window of a long, wide room at the close of a cool September day, looking out into the street, where nothing more attractive presented itself than dry, brown leaves whirled along the dusty pavements, and the flat surfaces of the many-windowed brick houses on the other side of the way. Even these windows offered nothing of interest, for, most of the inhabitants being still in the country, the houses were closed, and dust and cobwebs ornamented the neglected blinds and ledges. The room inside, with its long rows of shining desks, its blackboards, maps, and globes, with the sociable square of class

settees in the centre, might have been pleasanter objects had the little girl taken the trouble to look at them. Indeed, when she first saw them two days ago, they seemed to her the most beautiful objects in the world, as representing her long cherished desire for a complete education. But to-night she was homesick, and homesickness is a disease which makes everything around us seem different, and throws a shadow upon the brightest things.

Three days ago Katie Robertson had come from her country home, and entered Glenwood Seminary, bidding her uncle, who had brought her there, good-by in high spirits, and commencing her new life with great enthusiasm. Passing examinations, being classified, getting accustomed to school routine, unpacking and arranging her pretty new wardrobe in the closets and drawers assigned to it, had filled up the intervening time very busily, and left no spare moments for intrusive thoughts of home. But now it was Saturday; there was no school on that day, and the girls who had anywhere to go to were all out enjoying their holiday, while our young friend, not knowing how to find her way

alone about a strange city, sat disconsolately in the great school-room, and thought very sadly and somewhat tearfully of the gay group who were in all probability about that time gathering about the home tea-table. There was Eric, her eldest brother, and Tessa, the Italian, who had been her friend and room-mate so long, and who had come to seem to her more like a sister than a mere acquaintance. There was Gretchen, the German, stolid but steady, and giving all of her heart that could be spared from her own home and its dear ones across the sea to those who had so kindly been as a second family to her; and there were the three other factory-girls to whom, at the close of the dangerous illness through which she had nursed them, her mother had offered a *home* in exchange for the cheerless life of the crowded factory boarding-house, giving them far more than the small amount of board which they were able to pay could have secured to them in any other way.

And there, chiefest of all, was the mother from whom the little girl had never before been separated for a day, and who must be looking with a sadness almost equal to her own upon

the two vacant places, not to be filled again by their rightful occupants, Katie, and Alfred, the other brother, whom her uncle had taken to his school at Dalton for nearly a year. Even the demure old pussy-cat came into Katie's thoughts as she drew for herself this vivid home-picture, and she shed a few more tears which, had they reached it, might have dimmed the lustre of the beautifully kept fur coat.

Then, as this was Saturday night, the home-sick girl's thoughts went on to Sunday morning, when all the girls of her class would gather around Miss Etta Mountjoy in the beautiful Sunday-school chapel built by her father and brother. She pictured the girls as they came in, one after the other, saw Miss Etta's bright smile, heard her morning greeting, and then she seemed to be joining once more in the prayers and hymns which had made the Sunday-school and church so precious.

But with that last memory came better and happier thoughts. The same God who was worshipped at Squantown was equally near at Glenwood. He had loved her, taken care of her, and led her to Himself there; certainly He

would not cease to be watchful over her now that she was so far away from all she had ever known and loved, and was, besides, surrounded by so many new temptations. She had in the church at Squantown openly given herself to Him and His service. That meant that she would accept and do his will — was she not rebelling a little against that will now? And then there came to her the memory of sweet Bible words: "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you;" and as she thought of what they meant she knelt down in the gathering darkness of the lonely room and asked her heavenly Father to make her always willing and happy to do His will, to comfort her in her loneliness, and to enable her to resist the temptations incident to her new position, and to honor Him and His cause wherever she might be placed.

Then there came to her, almost as if it had been whispered in her ear, "Lo, I am with you always," "I will never leave thee nor forsake thee," and from that moment Katie never again felt that she was alone.

Hardly had she risen from her knees when a

light step was heard in the hall, and a cheerful voice was heard in the gathering darkness, saying, —

"Miss Robertson, where are you? we 've been looking for you everywhere. Miss Perry says your room-mate has arrived and you are to come and welcome her."

"Who is she," said Katie, rising and joining the two girls who stood waiting for her at the door. To tell the truth, she was a little afraid of this strange room-mate, whose expected arrival this afternoon had driven her to seek refuge in the lonely school-room. What would she be like? Would she be a city girl, "stuck up" and overdressed, or a gentle and lovable girl like Tessa? Was she a little one to be seen to and cared for; a "Senior," who would look upon *her* as a "little one;" or a nice girl of her own age with whom she could study, and of whom she could make a companion. No one had told her anything about the expected "new girl," and as yet she was too strange and timid to ask the teachers. "Who is she, what is she like?" she repeated as she joined the girls and went down stairs.

"I did n't hear her name, and I did n't see her. A lady came with her, and they both went into the drawing-room, which you know is *tabooed* to us; but Miss Perry came out in a few minutes and asked some of us to call Miss Robertson, and I heard her say, —

"Katie Robertson, why I know her."

Here was a revelation. The new girl knew her; she must be from Squantown, then, for Katie had never been anywhere else. But who could she be? and a review of all the girls she had known at school and in the factory passed before her as she crossed the dark hall, and ran across the garden from the "Institute" to the "boarding-house," but the right person never suggested itself to her mind till the door of the drawing-room, which was now brilliantly lighted, being thrown open, she saw — Bertie Sanderson!

We will take the opportunity, while Katie is showing her companion the way up the long flight of stairs to the room which henceforth the two Squantown girls are to occupy together, — not sure whether she is glad or sorry for the answer to her question, — to describe the new home into which the girls are entering.

Northrop Institute, so named from a rich and munificent lady whose donation of one hundred thousand dollars formed the foundation upon which the beautiful, commodious, and well-executed building was constructed, was situated in one of our largest seaboard cities. It accommodated about eight hundred girls, of all ages from five to twenty-five, who were classified into separate departments, each with its responsible teacher. Besides these class teachers there were others in charge of the departments of art, accomplishments, languages, sciences, and mathematics; which, with the writing and reading teachers, librarians, and assistants of various kinds, made up a *corps* of from forty to fifty.

Very few of these lived in the "boarding-house" next door, where about fifty girls from abroad were accommodated and cared for by Miss Perry, who held no position in the school, and Miss Thornton, an assistant teacher. Two music teachers also boarded in the house, and a French governess, with whom the girls who "took French" were supposed to converse at meal times; the result usually being that her

end of the table was conspicuous amid the general hubbub, for its almost total silence.

The "Institute" was built in the most approved style, containing all that modern science has contributed to make life happy and healthy, in the way of furnishing, ventilation, and adornment. There was a museum filled with a fine collection of shells, minerals, stuffed animals, coins, curiosities, etc.; a laboratory whose philosophical, chemical, and mechanical apparatus were the envy of many a college faculty, and a library of constantly accumulating volumes, — histories, biographies, encyclopædias, in short, whatever might be of use for reference in furthering the studies of the girls. The walls of both library and halls were hung with photographs of European scenery and portraits of distinguished people. Plaster casts of well-known master-pieces of sculpture filled the niches, and flowering plants made summer indoors all the year round.

The boarding-house was less costly in its decorations, but equally comfortable in its arrangements. There were no dormitories, but two girls occupied each of the sleeping-rooms.

There was no general place of gathering except the large school-room in which we first found Katie Robertson, where the lessons for the next day were usually studied under the supervision of Miss Thornton.

But Bertie Sanderson has been a long time taking off her hat, and putting it and her wraps away in the places provided for them, and now she turns to Katie and says, —

"You haven't told me you are glad. Ain't you?"

"Yes I am," said her companion; and in some things she was. Bertie seemed like a little piece of home, and however averse she might have been formerly to such close companionship, we remember that since her sickness Bertie had become a changed girl. She was at least trying to do right, and Katie felt bound to help her. Besides, as we also know, the free forgiveness which she gave her treacherous companion at that time brought with it a feeling of pitying love something like that which our Saviour feels when he forgives all our sins against him, and she put aside her disappointment about the imaginary lovely young creature

who, in becoming her room-mate, was to lead her up to such heights of sentimental virtue and culture, and accepted the care of her old companion whom she would have to influence for good, if any good was to come out of the companionship.

"Yes, I am glad," she repeated, this time with greater cordiality; "but I am so surprised. How did you happen to come? How did you keep it such a secret? How did you get ready in such a minute?"

"One question at a time, please, and I'll take the last first. Auntie had all my dresses made by her dress-maker here, and she got my underclothes ready-made, so my things were all ready at her house when I came. I did n't have to keep it a secret very long; that is, after father consented, for it was n't decided till a few days before you left, and then I thought it would be such fun to surprise you that I held my tongue, and would n't let anybody say a word. "I happened to come" because I determined I would just as soon as I knew that you were going. It was easy enough to persuade Ma, who never did want me to work in the mill, and

always said I should be a lady if she could manage it, and as Sophronia and Lillian, my cousins, both attended Glenwood, she thought it would be just splendid."

"But the trouble was with Pa. He said he thought I could get education enough for a mill-girl at the night-school and by reading the books in the library, and he did n't like the city, and he could n't afford it, and a heap of things. But Ma made him see at last that I 've never been very strong since that fever," — which was the fact, — "and that as educated people could always earn more than uneducated ones, it would be a good investment. And he at last confessed that he could raise the money now that his salary is higher; and then the thought that I would be with you, who had always done me so much good, decided him — only he stipulated that I should sleep with you and nobody else. Ain't it splendid? We 'll both be ladies now, and never have to work in the mill any more?"

"I don't know what you mean," said Katie. "I like to work in the mill. If my uncle had n't come from California with so much money and

offered to send me to school, I should have been quite contented to work there always. And I would n't have accepted his offer, and left home and all of them" (a little of the old home-sickness here crept into her tone) "for anything in the world except that I might by and by be more independent, and help mother more as she grows older. As for being a lady, mother thinks we can be that anywhere, and I am sure Miss Etta and Miss Eunice think so too."

"Oh, well, you always were queer, Katie, but you know what I mean, and that makes me think my cousins — I have been staying with them for two days —say that we must 'nt let any one in school know that we ever worked in the mill. Sophronia says that none of the girls would speak to us if they knew, and that it would make it very unpleasant for her and Lillian, who have always been known here as the children of rich people, if the girls found out that their cousin was a factory girl. So I promised them I would n't tell, and you must do the same."

"I shall not make any such promise," said Katie. "I am not ashamed of anything I ever did — certainly not of that. I shall not trouble

any one with my home affairs, for I don't suppose they care about them; but if the matter comes up I shall say just what seems right at the time, and I won't promise. But there 's the tea-bell; we must go right down, — the rules are very strict."

It was something of an ordeal for our two country girls to walk the length of the long dining-room to the places assigned them at the end of the table, under the fire of fifty pairs of eyes. Katie was beginning to get used to it, this being her fourth day, but she could not help the heightened color which rose beneath her downcast eyes. Bertie, conscious of her new and city-made clothes, attempted to hide her embarrassment by a haughty manner, which only made one girl whisper to her companion, "I wonder who that vulgar-looking country girl can be?"

After tea, lessons for Monday were studied in the long school-room, and at nine o'clock the bell rang and every one went to bed. On reaching her room, Bertie Sanderson threw off her clothes, pitching them on to the nearest chair, and sprang into bed before the more methodical

Katie, who did justice to her mother's teachings, had half disrobed herself and put her things away, brushing out her hair and taking out the fresh underclothing which would be needed in the morning, thus lightening as much as possible her Sunday's work. After that she took up her Bible, for which a suitable place had been already found, read her usual chapter, and, kneeling down, once more sought to have the homesick feelings taken away by communing with her Father which is in heaven.

Bertie looked on but said nothing until her companion asked, very gently:

"Are you done with the light? Shall I put it out now?" she answered, rather gruffly:

"Yes, indeed; it has been shining in my eyes and keeping me awake for ever so long."

"Don't you say your prayers, Bertie?"

"Yes, of course. But when I'm tired as I am to-night I say them in bed; it don't make any difference. God hears anywhere, don't he?"

And of course Katie could only say, "Yes."

"By the by," said Bertie, suddenly, "I forgot to pack up my Bible, there was so much to

do ; you 'll lend me yours sometimes, won't you ? "

" Of course ; but how could you forget ? I put mine in my trunk the first of anything."

Bertie did not answer, and her companion soon knew by her regular breathing that she was asleep."

Poor Bertie ! she was a Christian ; she had learned her own sinfulness by painful experience ; she had sought God's forgiveness and given herself to him. But she had no good habits to fall back upon. Her mother, a silly, worldly woman, had never taught her children to pray, or, indeed, to do anything regularly, and her religion thus far was a thing of " fits and starts." When the circumstances around her were of the right kind, when the Sunday-school lesson was very impressive, or some particularly good influence was at work, she would feel as though there was nothing in the world to live for except religion. She then would read chapter after chapter of the Bible, and would pray a long time, but when something else occurred to interest her, — just now it was going to school, — religion would seem to move a long

way off. She did not give it up exactly, but she did not think very much about it. Her prayers became formal, and she seldom opened her Bible. She fancied she could pray just as well in bed, but she generally, as to-night, fell asleep before she had uttered more than a few incoherent sentences.

That is the way a good many young Christians live before they have become fully established in the ways of God. But it is a very unhappy way, and so they often find out by falling under the power of some temptation just because they have put off "the whole armor of God," which can only be kept in place by constant prayer and study of his holy word.

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY AT GLENWOOD.

SUNDAY morning dawned clear and bright. A cool, fresh breeze was blowing, and the golden autumn sunshine glorified even the dusty city streets. Myriads of bells rang out on the air, calling the many multitudes of every denomination, or of none, to the house of God. Alas! by how many they were totally unheeded! Multitudes lay in their close, fetid bedrooms till noon, under the impression that this was the way to rest upon the first day of the week, after the labors of the other six. Multitudes more, looking upon Sunday as a day of worldly pleasure, spent it in the public parks or in excursions to the neighboring suburban towns, coming home late at night a great deal more tired than they would have been had they worked all day. Still others, who did not consider such open Sabbath desecration

quite respectable, rose late, devoted themselves to an uncommonly luxurious dinner, yawning away the afternoon and evening, and wishing the sacred hours well over. Such people have not learned to "call the Sabbath a delight, the holy of the Lord, honorable."

But our little Katie loved the Sabbath. The sacred day had been to her for many years a sweet and precious time, and she would have been glad had its hours been twice as long, and had there been twice as many services. Early as she had been in the habit of rising on other days in order to reach the factory, she had never thought of lying in bed any later on Sundays, and thus not only did her assistance enable her mother to get through her daily housework in time to attend the morning service at church, but also Katie herself gained several quiet hours for the study of her Sunday-school lesson, which perhaps otherwise, in her busy life, would not have been so well prepared.

She was quite surprised, therefore, on this first Sunday in the city, that the rising bell did not ring at its usual hour. She thought she must have mistaken the strokes of the clock,

and tried to compose herself to sleep again, but in vain; and when another hour had passed, and there were unmistakably eight strokes, she sprang from the bed and, waking her companion, shouted, —

"Wake up, Bertie! hurry! we have overslept ourselves and not heard the bell; it 's breakfast-time and we shall both get bad marks;" and suiting the action to the word she began to dress in a great hurry.

"That 's only the first bell," said Bertie, sleepily.

"It must be the breakfast bell," said Katie: "I did n't hear any other, to be sure, but it 's eight o'clock, and that 's breakfast-time."

"Not on Sunday," said Bertie; "people always sleep later on Sunday morning. We do at home, and at my aunt's they never have breakfast till ten o'clock on Sunday."

"How do they get ready for Sunday-school, then?"

"Oh, Sunday-school 's in the afternoon; but I do n't believe they go half the time. At home I used to have a hard time to get ready, but I managed it somehow. Oh dear, how

sleepy I am!" and she turned over for another nap.

Katie, however, dressed herself as quickly as was her wont, and sitting down by the one window with her Bible, enjoyed half an hour thinking of the dear home so far away, and realizing that the same Saviour who had been her friend in the old days there was as really her friend here, would take care of all the dear ones there, and help her here to resist temptation and to glorify Him in whatever situation she might be placed.

About a quarter before nine, Bertie sprang out of bed in a great hurry, and, seeing how her companion was engaged, said, —

"There, I must read my chapter this morning; I have n't remembered it since I left home," and she hurried through her preparations with all the speed she could. But before the refractory hair was quite in order the great clock down-stairs struck nine, and at the same moment the breakfast-bell pealed through the house.

"Come, Bertie, are n't you ready?" said Katie, closing her Bible; "we 'll get bad marks, you know, if we 're late."

"Yes, I suppose so," said the latter, putting in the last hair-pin; "oh, dear! there 's my chapter, I never do find time for that; well, I 'll have to wait till after breakfast," and she followed her friend down stairs.

Boarding-school breakfasts are not very luxurious as a rule, but the table at Glenwood had the reputation of being a very good one, and to our two country girls the table and its appointments seemed very elegant and the fare very good. The Sunday morning breakfasts were better than those of other days, and as there were no pressing school duties to follow, the girls lingered long at the table, enjoying their relays of griddle-cakes till the clock again struck; then Katie Robertson whispered to the girl next to her, —

"How will we ever be ready for Sunday-school and church?"

"Church is n't till eleven, and we don't go to Sunday-school. There 's a Bible-class for the girls in Miss Perry's study at three o'clock this afternoon. You won't like it, though; none of us do. I always shirk it when I can."

Katie began to wonder as she remembered

Miss Etta's lively, intelligent teaching, and Miss Eunice's quiet, earnest talks, how any one could want to shirk a Bible-class, but at that moment her wondering was cut short by a signal at which all the girls drew back their chairs and Miss Perry proceeded to read a chapter from the Bible, followed by a short prayer, which she read from a thin book in so low a tone of voice that very few of the girls heard it. Several, we are sorry to say, took this time for sundry whispered confidences with each other.

Morning prayers were not a regular thing at the boarding-house. The hour between breakfast and school-time was too precious to be spent in that way. Some of the many who used the few pianos were obliged to seize that time for "practising;" some went out for their regular and hated morning walk; others made up the arrears of unprepared lessons; and as the school session always opened with public prayers in the chapel it was considered that these few moments were all that could be spared out of the busy day for the service of God. But Sunday was a specialty, and the teachers in the boarding-house

often found it difficult to fill up the long, sacred hours for their charges in a creditable manner: hence, everything that was done was done slowly and made to occupy as much time as possible.

Prayers over, the boarders were dismissed with the words, "Please be in time, young ladies, ten minutes to eleven," and all went to their rooms to dress for church.

Bertie Sanderson thought of her neglected chapter, and was just going to open Katie's Bible, but she decided that, as it was now twenty minutes past ten, perhaps she had better dress first and then devote what time there was left to her reading. Bertie had not yet learned to "seek *first* the kingdom of God," and trust to find time afterwards for all the "other things."

Dressing for church this first Sunday morning was an important business, at least to Bertie Sanderson, whose winter "suit" had been provided by her aunt in a style of magnificence very unsuitable to the young girl's position either as a school girl or an overseer's daughter. But Mrs. Cleveland had argued: The dress is my gift, and I have a right to make it as handsome as I like. I want my sister's child, for once, to

look as well as my own do, and a girl's standing among her companions depends largely upon the beauty of her clothes. So the suit had been chosen and made according to the latest dictates of fashion, and fitted Bertie to perfection. It was not so showy as the purple silk for which she had once been so anxious, but it was much more beautiful ; and as the young girl observed how well the rich, dark hues toned down her somewhat high color and coarse features, and the tight-fitting basque pinched in her large, muscular waist, while the delicate kid gloves, "to match," covered her rough, red hands, she thought she looked quite as well as "Miss Etta," whose wonderful toilettes had, in the old times, so excited the envy and admiration of Squantown.

Bertie had laid aside her brass jewelry, and ceased to adorn her frowzy hair with soiled ribbons, when she professed herself a follower of Christ ; she had learned to be neat and lady-like, and in the months which followed her long sickness, her repentance for her sin against Katie, and her happy finding of Jesus as her Saviour, had thought much less than formerly

about the outward adornment of her person. But Bertie was Bertie still. The same tastes lay in her heart, the same home influences still surrounded her, and it would take a long time and many battles fought in the strength of God's Holy Spirit to undo the evil teachings of her worldly aunt and silly mother.

Girls who have such enemies to battle with need to live very close to the Lord in daily, constant prayer and study of His word; that is the armor in which they are to fight, the means by which they are to resist temptation. But, as we have seen, Bertie was putting off her armor by neglecting to pray and read her Bible, and no wonder she fell an easy prey to the enemy, who is always lying in wait to "deceive, if it were possible, even the elect."

"Now," thought the poor, vain girl, as she turned herself round and round before the glass, striving to catch a glimpse of her drapery behind and the drooping feather of her hat, "I really am a lady at last; nobody 'd ever take me for a factory-girl: I 'd just like to show Miss Etta Mountjoy that I 'm quite as good as she is. Anyway, I won't have anything to do with those

common girls at Mrs. Robertson's when I go home;" and while she was picturing to herself her own scorn and the mortification of Tessa and Gretchen, the voice of Miss Perry sounded from below, and she was obliged to join the church party down stairs, having quite forgotten that neglected chapter.

Katie Robertson, too, dressed herself in her new church suit with real pleasure. Her kind uncle had seen to it that his little niece, in going among richer and more fashionable girls, should not be mortified by wearing old, faded, or "queer" apparel. A nice, suitable, and well-made wardrobe had been provided for her, and, although her dresses made by her mother and the village dressmaker lacked the indescribable something known as style, she thought them all exceedingly pretty, especially the church suit of dark-blue cloth, with its warm, wadded jacket, which as yet it was too warm to wear, and the dark-blue felt hat ornamented with a little gray wing which no damp, winter storms could uncurl or draggle. Putting it all on new for the first time, she was conscious of a glow of thankfulness not only to her uncle, but to her heavenly

Father, who had put it into his heart to do so much for her, and had Himself given her so many things "richly to enjoy." When she was quite ready, finding there were still a few moments to spare, she went quietly to the other side of her own little white bed, and, kneeling down, silently told her dear heavenly Friend her grateful thoughts, asking Him at the same time to keep her from thinking too much about these "earthly things," and to make this bright Sunday a very blessed and happy one in His service.

The church which the boarding scholars of Glenwood Institute attended was a very large and beautiful one, and was already filled with a fashionable congregation as the girls, one at a time, filed into the row of seats reserved for them in the gallery. The organist was playing a grand voluntary; hot-house flowers were tastefully arranged by the pulpit, and the whole scene was very beautiful and grand. Katie soon forgot the strangeness and grandeur, however, when the minister, in his clear, impressive voice, read the twenty-third Psalm, which had been familiar to her since her infancy, and

prayed that the Good Shepherd would lead His people into the green pastures of His love and faithfulness, and in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake; that in all their sorrows and difficulties His rod and His staff might comfort them, and that, His goodness and mercy having followed them all the days of their lives, they might eventually "dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Then followed music, more beautiful than our two country girls had ever dreamed of, and then a sermon, so simple, so earnest, and so grand, that, while all the fashionable city people listened entranced to the eloquence of their popular preacher, the little, homesick, country girl felt that he was speaking directly to her, and telling her to "fear no evil," neither poverty, nor loneliness, nor sin, nor death, since God was with her, and would keep those who had committed themselves to Him, safe in every danger, firm in every temptation, making them "more than conquerors" in this life, and presenting them "faultless before the throne of His glory" in that which is to come.

"The youngest child here," said Dr. Pea-

body, "who can understand what it is to trust in our Lord Jesus Christ as his or her Saviour need fear no evil, not even the evil of sin; for if we will only do our part by constantly praying to Him, by studying His will that we may understand it and do it, and by trusting in His strength to resist temptation, we may so live as to glorify Him day by day, and know by our own blessed experience that He is with us."

Even Bertie Sanderson, who had devoted the first part of the service to admiring the beautiful silks, laces, feathers, and flowers in the pews below, — an occupation, by-the-by, in which she was joined by the majority of the boarders, — was attracted by this sermon, and began to say to herself: "I wish I was a more earnest Christian; I will pray more; I mean to read my chapter every day," etc. Have none of our young Christian readers ever made similar good resolutions under the impressions of an earnest sermon? Have such always been faithfully kept?

The service over, the girls all filed out again, and were soon seated in the long dining-hall at their early dinner. That is, about half of them,

for Sunday was the great visiting day of the Glenwood boarders. Many whose families lived a few miles from the city went home regularly on Friday afternoon to stay until Monday; while those who had friends and acquaintances in the city secured Sunday invitations among them as they best could, often attending other churches with their friends and going home with them to dinner. So that, as on this occasion, it often happened that not more than twenty girls were scattered round the long dining-tables, and the gaps thus left were very conducive to home-sickness.

After dinner the girls all retired to their rooms, there being no general sitting-room, and the Institute being fast closed on Sunday. Here Bertie, from whom the influence of the sermon had not yet fully passed away, commenced to keep her resolutions by reading up in Katie's Bible all the chapters which she ought to have read in full course during the last two weeks. As she was obliged to read very fast, and could not stop to think of the meaning, she soon began to tire of the occupation, and more than one yawn testified to Katie,

who was engaged upon a letter to her mother, that to Bertie Sanderson Bible-reading was a very dull thing.

Katie had hesitated somewhat as to the propriety of letter-writing upon Sunday, but had finally come to the conclusion that as, were she at home, she would talk with her mother about all that interested her upon this sacred day, it could be no harm to talk on paper also, provided she did not let her letters interfere with Sunday duties or services, and she was deep in a description of the morning's sermon when the bell-ringing announced that the hour for the Bible Class had arrived, and she quickly laid aside her writing as Bertie sprang from her seat with a sensation of great relief, and the two room-mates went down the stairs together to Miss Perry's room.

How is it that some people have the faculty of making sacred things disagreeable and forbidding, while others make them so attractive? There was scarcely a girl at Glenwood who did not hate that Bible Class. Even the conscientious Christian girls were glad of a good reason for absence, while the "shirks" invented all

manner of excuses in the way of headaches, colds, and home letters, and usually managed, as shirks do, to carry their point and spend the dreaded hour anywhere else but in Miss Perry's study.

As Katie entered the room — which, by the way, was never otherwise visited by the girls except to receive the severe lectures which stood them in stead of condign punishment, — she saw two formidable rows of chairs which were fast being filled by unwilling-looking girls, each carrying a Bible. The room was dark and cheerless, and Miss Perry, who was ordinarily rather an amiable, good-natured-looking woman, wore a solemn, stern air, such as she thought befitted a religious exercise. Katie could not help contrasting it with Miss Eunice's pleasant ways, the genuine interest with which she had welcomed her tea party, and the natural, easy manner in which she had led the conversation to the most precious and holy things.

Miss Perry was the matron of the boarding-house, not a teacher in the school. She had taken the position for money, renting the boarding-house from the trustees of the Insti-

tute and making what she could out of the boarding scholars. To make this as much as possible it was requisite to make the house popular and keep it full, and one of the steps toward popularity was a reputation for careful guardianship and sound religious influence.

To do the matron justice, she was not exactly a hypocrite. She belonged to the church, or had done so years ago, and she was quite competent to read the questions in the book, which, being a consecutive course of Scripture history, had just reached the middle of Chronicles and dealt with the varying fortunes of the kingdoms of Israel and Judah. She was competent to "mark" those girls who had not studied their lessons and to reprimand those who persisted in whispering and tittering when it was not their turn to answer; but she was utterly unqualified by both inclination and preparation to make any lesson interesting, especially one which dealt with such bare historical outlines. She had, however, imbibed a conventional idea that she ought to talk religion to the members of her class on Sunday, and as, to her, religion meant "you shall and you shall not," she generally

managed to weave into her teaching a stern exordium upon the faults of her pupils, and the things they ought to do and be, which, as it was often exceedingly pointed and personal, made the Bible Class a still more unpopular institution, and it is difficult to say whether teacher or pupils were most glad when the hour came to a close.

After it was over, the girls' time till the tea-bell rang was their own, and they spent it in walking up and down the well-warmed halls, or conversing in groups on the staircase. Katie and Bertie were "new girls" as yet and had made no acquaintances; they passed their arms round each other's waists, and, having nothing in particular to talk about, followed the prevailing fashion, and walked silently up and down till the ringing of the tea-bell formed a very welcome diversion.

After tea, at which Miss Perry was all smiles and kindness, the whole party went to church once more, and on their return were at once hurried off to bed.

Bertie Sanderson knelt to say her prayers that night, feeling, as she did so, that she was

getting to be a very good girl; and yet, somehow, prayer did not seem so sweet and real a thing as it used to do. She had got out of the habit, and she did not very much want the things she prayed for. Her thoughts would keep wandering to the new and strange surroundings of her life, and it was with a sensation of very great relief that she got into bed, exclaiming, —

"I'm so glad Sunday's over! It seemed as though it never would come to an end."

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL LIFE.

NO prettier sight could be seen than the assembling of Glenwood Institute for morning prayers in the beautiful Gothic chapel, larger and more highly decorated than many a country church. The eight hundred pupils assembled in their own several departments at twenty minutes to nine and formed in line, headed by the department teachers. At exactly ten minutes before nine, the head professor of music struck his first chord on the great chapel organ, which was heard all over the building, and at the same moment all the files commenced to move.

A visitor seated on the platform facing the doors would then see all three open simultaneously and also those in the gallery. Into these doors poured orderly rows of girls of all ages, singing a "processional" hymn, as with-

out confusion they took their well-known seats, and before the last verse of the hymn ceased, the whole eight hundred were in their places quietly awaiting the devotional exercises of the morning. These consisted of the chanting of the Lord's Prayer by the school, standing with bowed heads, the reading of a brief portion of Holy Scripture, and the offering of a short, extemporaneous prayer, which was cold and formal, or tender, earnest, and simple, according as the gentleman officiating made it.

The principal, Dr. Claverick, ordinarily performed this part of the service, but whenever any gentlemen visitors of distinction, clergymen or others, happened to be present, — as was often the case, — they took his place and sometimes followed the exercises with profitable and interesting talks upon various subjects. When no stranger was present the school rose at the close of the prayer, and, chanting another hymn as they passed out in regular order, were in their rooms and ready to commence the day's work by a quarter past nine. On Friday morning the service was a little longer, each department reporting the names of all delinquents

during the week, with the number of absences and times of being late. As this was the only thing resembling punishment known in the school, these reports were listened to with great interest, and every one was unwilling to have her name on this roll of demerit, for the other members of her department deeply visited upon her their sense of the common disgrace.

This was Bertie Sanderson's first day at school, and she looked with wide-open eyes at the beautiful, well-appointed building, the dignified teachers, and the multitudes of well-dressed girls. She had accompanied her roommate to her seat in the chapel, though the teacher who had told her to do so said, —

"You will probably be placed higher. You look much older than your little friend."

Great was this teacher's surprise, however, when she came to examine the tall, well-developed girl, to find that, by placing her three departments below her "little friend," she would be only able to hold her own by diligent study and close application.

Poor Bertie, as we know, had never been used to diligence or application, either at school

or in the factory, and, but for Miss Etta's unwearied care at last winter's night-school, she would have been placed much lower than she was. She was very much mortified, and felt something of her old jealousy of Katie rising in her heart. But yesterday's good influences were still at work. Her prayer of that morning, brief and formal as it was, had not been without effect in bringing to her aid the promised strength of the blessed Holy Spirit, and she swallowed down the evil feelings, and went pleasantly away to her appointed place among the very little girls, resolved to do her very best and catch up with Katie as soon as possible.

A brief recess occurred at noon, when the day-scholars ate the lunch they had brought, or purchased a hot cup of beef-tea and a roll for five cents in a pleasant basement room, where these substantials, with fruit and plain cakes, were provided for them.

Others again, whose dinners, like those of the boarders, came immediately at the close of the session, wandered around the halls, or in the paths of the beautiful, well-kept garden, no

screaming, running, or noisy games, however, being allowed.

Strangers amid this vast world of girls, our two country friends were wandering somewhat aimlessly about, when Bertie exclaimed, —

"Here's my cousin Sophronia!" pointing at the same time to a tall, over-dressed girl who was walking arm-in-arm with another about the same size, much more plainly attired, but with a certain air of refinement quite wanting to her companion. This girl was named Helen Lorne. She belonged to one of the richest and most aristocratic families in the city, and such girls as Sophronia Cleveland considered it a great honor to be noticed by her. Helen would hardly have selected Sophronia for a companion, but she was very good-natured, and when her school-mate put her arm round her waist, saying, "Let's walk," she did not shake her off, but submitted quietly, and talked as pleasantly as she might have done to one of her own intimate friends.

In such society Sophronia would have passed her country cousin without notice, but her companion had seen the gesture and heard the

words of the strange girl, and she stopped at once in front of Bertie and Katie.

"I did n't know you had a cousin at school," she said. "How nice! When did you come?" she said to Bertie, with a schoolgirl's indifference to the formality of an introduction.

"I left home on Wednesday, and I came to the boarding-house on Saturday evening," said the girl addressed, to whom timidity or bashfulness was a thing unknown.

"And this?" said Helen, looking inquiringly at Katie, whose appearance pleased her much more than that of her bolder and more florid companion.

"This is my friend Katie Robertson. We 're from the same place, and we 're roommates."

"Then you 're both boarding-scholars. Poor girls, how I pity you! It must be so horrid to have no home to go to when school 's over. Whose room are you in?"

Katie named the teacher of one department, and Bertie that of another, in the same breath, and Helen, turning to Sophronia, said,—

"Then you and your cousin are not together;

what a pity! you might help one another so much."

Sophronia opened her eyes in astonishment at the preposterous idea of Bertie's helping her, and said, —

"Why, I 'm miles ahead of her; she 's only a country girl." She would have liked to substitute the word *factory* for *country*, but could not without compromising her own position.

"Oh, well," said Helen, "she 'll soon learn, and it 's a good thing that you know the school so well, and can help her on. I shall be glad to see more of you and Miss Robertson," she said, as she turned away to join another group of girls.

"Bertie," said Sophronia, her smiling looks all gone, "if ever you let anybody here know that you worked in the factory at Squantown, I 'll never forgive you."

"What difference does having worked in a factory make in us?" asked Katie, in her straightforward manner.

"It don't to you," answered Sophronia. "Your mother 's only a poor widow, and of course you 've got to work for yourself; but Bertie 's

our cousin, and she shan't disgrace us in school. Nobody here knows even that our father's a grocer, and I don't mean that they shall."

The clock at that moment pointing to twenty minutes past twelve, and the various teachers appearing at the doors of their several departments as a signal for the close of recess, — no bells were allowed in the Institute, — the various groups broke up and the girls composing them floated away to their own rooms.

"I thought you had two cousins," said Katie to her companion as they separated.

"So I have; Lilian's in your department, but she isn't very well and hasn't been to school for a week."

"Isn't that girl with Sophronia lovely?"

"I didn't think much of her; her dress wasn't half so handsome as Sophronia's."

There was no more time for words, and Katie went her way, wondering how Bertie could prefer her cousin to Helen Lorne.

At two o'clock the school-session closed; the day scholars all went home, and the boarders went to their rooms to prepare for dinner, which

was always ready at half-past two. The afternoons were devoted to music lessons, practising, drawing-lessons, and the like. When the girls had no such pressing duties they were allowed to go out — under certain restrictions — but every one had to be in the house by five o'clock, or earlier when the days grew shorter.

From five to six was the recreation hour, spent by the girls in wandering round the halls or visiting each other's rooms. Six o'clock was the tea hour, immediately after which all the pupils went across the garden to the Institute, where they prepared their lessons for the next day, under the superintendence of Miss Thornton, in the large schoolroom. At nine they went to bed.

Of course, there is always great sameness in boarding-school life. The same things are done at the same hours; the minutes are carefully counted out and filled with regular duties and engagements, and to children used to the freedom and excitements of home, the monotony would be extremely irksome, and conducive to that dreaded enemy, homesickness, except that the constant occupation fills up all their thoughts.

But to Bertie and Katie, used to the long hours and steady monotony of the mill, the school routine seemed one of infinite variety, and the hours of leisure more and greater than they had known for a long time. Bertie was glad to idle, but Katie's ambition urged her to use the hours in extra study with the purpose of keeping abreast of her class, where she was at first, to some degree, at a disadvantage, the methods of study being so different in her own home and in a great city school. She availed herself of every spare moment, and soon not only stood as well as any of her classmates, but was prepared to pass the examination, which occurred at the close of every three months, and be at once promoted to the next higher department.

Bertie, too, was for a time spurred on, partly by her friend's example, which, ever since her illness, had had great weight with her, and partly by her mortification at being rated so much below her cousins and her friend; and she really acquitted herself very creditably, winning her promotion, also, at the end of the first quarter. But here her fit of assiduity came to

an end for the present. She was tired of the continued strain; she had accomplished the object for which she had been striving, and a reactionary feeling made the thought of a little idleness pleasant.

Moreover, Bertie had by this time made a good many acquaintances, and become quite popular among a certain set, which always exists in large schools, — girls who, without being exactly vicious, think it is "fun" to waste time, break rules, and annoy teachers; girls, moreover, who are always ready for whatever may turn up in the way of a "lark," and are easily led astray into wrong-doing when it comes in connection with amusement.

Sophronia Cleveland belonged to this set, though she would not have liked to have Helen Lorne know it; and so did a good many of the city girls, with perhaps a dozen of the boarders. These latter found in it a medium of communication with the outside world, from which their position debarred them. A certain Amelia Bascom, who was one of these, soon completely fascinated Bertie, whose spare time out of school-hours was chiefly absorbed in whispered

colloquies with her new friend, who, for reasons of her own, made herself exceedingly fascinating.

The "rules" at Glenwood were not very strict. Girls old enough to attend an advanced institution of this sort were supposed to be old enough to take care of themselves, and to have received sufficient home-training to comport themselves like ladies wherever they might happen to be placed. Hence, within certain limits, they were allowed complete liberty to come and go as they pleased. But, as we have seen, there were limits. No one might go out walking, shopping, or visiting when such excursions interfered with school duties; no one might be out after dark, and no one was ever allowed to go out *alone* who had once forfeited her freedom by unlady-like actions in public. This latter was Amelia's case, and though the details were not known, it was rumored that she had done something dreadful during the last term, for which reason she could now only go outside the Institute precincts with a teacher or a friend indorsed by her parents.

Amelia, however, who was a handsome, well-

grown girl of sixteen, greatly resented this treatment, which she said was just like making a baby of her, and took all the pains she could to circumvent it by coaxing her friends to call for her as often as she could, and by employing her companions constantly to purchase for her finery and confectionery, for which she always gave ample commissions. Of course, it is a foregone conclusion that Amelia was one of the party a plank in whose platform it was to annoy the teachers. She had heretofore found her agents and emissaries among the day scholars; but it was more convenient, for many reasons, to have a boarder at her beck and call, and at first, by being very coaxing and flattering, afterwards by becoming possessed of a certain secret which she often threatened to reveal, she gained such an influence over the weak, undisciplined Bertie Sanderson, that the latter became her complete slave.

At "recess" the set were apt to congregate in one corner of the garden, planning the petty mischief by which the discipline and order of the schoolroom might be upset — talking, it may be, of the parties and entertainments which

many of the out-door girls were, by their injudicious parents, allowed to attend; rendering an account of the commissions with which they had been entrusted, and accompanying the whole with a great deal of laughter and merriment.

Katie Robertson came upon this merry group one day, as she was wandering about rather forlornly, and, seeing her room-mate, at once joined her. But the merriment immediately ceased; cold looks were turned upon the newcomer; and very soon the gay group melted away, leaving only Sophronia, Bertie, and Katie. The latter, seeing that she was evidently not wanted, moved away also, with a pain in her heart at the unkindness of the friend through whom she had suffered so much and whom she had so freely forgiven.

"Why should n't the girls like Katie?" said Bertie to her cousin when they were left alone. "Everybody thought her an angel at Squantown."

"Oh well, girls, as a rule, don't care about angels for companions. They like somebody with some spirit — a 'spice of the devil' — as

Augusta's lover says. Katie 's so 'goody,' butter would n't melt in her mouth. She could n't understand a joke if it was explained to her, and as soon as she got a chance she 'd be preaching us a sermon. We don't want religion at recess."

"Why, Soph, I thought you were a Christian! did n't you join the church that time you said you were going to, after I 'd made you that long visit?"

"Of course I did, — Augusta too, — but that 's no reason we should turn into old women or priests. And look here, Bertie, take care how you seem to be very intimate with Katie Robertson. She 's so straightforward she will tell some day that she 's been a factory girl, and then it 'll come out that you were one, too, and I 'll never notice you if it does. I would n't have Helen Lorne know it for the whole world."

Bertie blushed, but she did not tell her cousin that she feared the damaging fact was known already, and that this fear was one cause of Amelia Bascom's strong influence over her, and she was glad for once when the signal was made for the close of recess.

Somewhere in the early part of Bertie's intimacy with her tyrannical companion, the latter had said:

"I do pity you for your room-mate. It seems a pity that you could n't have been with a lady."

"Why, Katie's more lady-like than I am. Miss Eunice and Miss Etta always thought so, I'm sure."

"Who are Miss Eunice and Miss Etta?"

"The daughters of Mr. Mountjoy, the manufacturer at Squantown."

"The factory Miss Robertson worked in?" with a satirical accent upon the *Miss*.

"Why, how did you know?" said Bertie, very much surprised, while a glow of false shame spread over her face and neck.

"Never mind; there are plenty of little birds to carry secrets in a school like this." Amelia did not mention the fact of her having stood close to Bertie, her cousin, and Katie, when Sophronia had uttered her first threat, and Katie had asked what difference working in a factory made in herself and her room-mate. "I have a good many little birds in my employ; one of them told me that Bertie Sanderson was a mill-

girl, too, but of course he made a mistake. I did not believe his nonsense."

"Of *course*," said Bertie, laughing uneasily, "Katie's mother's a widow and very poor, but my father's the overseer, and we're as good as the Mountjoys."

"Of course, dear," with a delicate little caress. "I don't know who the Mountjoys are, but I've no doubt you're a great deal better. So I am to tell my bird, am I, that Bertie Sanderson never did work in the mill?" and, fixing her keen eyes upon her companion, she waited resolutely for an answer.

It was a long time in coming. Bertie was not the girl she had once been. Her moral nature had been awakened, her conscience had been aroused. She had seen the sinfulness of her own heart, and sought and obtained forgiveness from the Saviour against whom she had sinned; she had professed herself His disciple; she meant, in the main, to please Him; she did not want to tell a lie, but she was under very strong temptation to do so; she had already committed herself by saying "of course;" she remembered her cousin's threats; she even

thought how unkind it would be in her to disgrace Sophronia among her school-mates, and at length she said, —

"Yes, you may tell your bird that; I never did."

Poor girl! she had hardly got the words out of her mouth when she would have given everything in her possession to recall them, and her painful confusion plainly told her watchful companion that what she said was not true. The latter, however, only said, —

"I knew the birdie must be wrong;" but Bertie knew very well that Amelia knew just how the matter stood, lie and all, and from that moment she was in the power of one who knew well how to make the most of her ascendancy.

CHAPTER IV.

BOARDING-SCHOOL FUN.

THE weeks and months at Glenwood passed rapidly away, full of duties, pleasant to the girls, or otherwise, according to their tastes. The Christmas holidays had come and gone, January was well advanced, and another quarter was rapidly drawing to a close. Promotions were not usually made oftener than every half year. Indeed the majority of scholars remained in one department for a year or even more.

The written examinations on which promotion alone depended were strict and impartial, and few girls of ordinary intelligence and assiduity could pass them the first time. Nevertheless, the course of study was so well arranged that the portion assigned to each department could be passed over in three months, thus affording ambitious and conscientious stu-

dents an opportunity of going through the school with great rapidity. It is needless to say that our Katie was one of this class; she studied every lesson in its course thoroughly, mastering every point at the time, and leaving no arrears to be made up at review time. She considered that her one business at school was to secure the education for which she went there, and which was to be so much capital in her after-struggle for independence. Consequently she had very little time for the gossip and "carrying-on," which fritter away so much of a school-girl's life, very little even for the secular part of her weekly home letters, which she did not write on Sunday afternoons. She remained at school during the Christmas holidays, the distance to Squantown being too great and the journey too expensive to make it worth while for her to go home. And these ten precious days were invaluable to her in going over the ground she had already travelled again and again, and forecasting that which was to come. She also found plenty of time for extra practising hours, and for her French and drawing, which, as they did n't influence the promotions,

the Glenwood girls were apt to consider and neglect as of secondary importance.

She was therefore quite ready for the next examination, and reasonably sure of a promotion, which would bring her within one class of Sophronia and Helen Lorne.

But the young girl was beginning to feel the strain of such constant and steady application. She never went out except for the stated and hated daily promenades of the boarders and on Sunday to church. She was so tired every night that her eyes would close of themselves over the sacred Bible words, which she would not for the world have omitted to read, and so tired in the morning that only a mighty effort of principle and will enabled her to answer the rising-bell and enter upon the duties of another day. The close confinement told upon the country girl, used to fresh breezes and mountain air; her cheeks lost their delicate color, dark rings came under her eyes, and her step had a slow languor that would have greatly alarmed her mother could she have seen it. One or two of the teachers, when they could notice anything else in the rush and hurry of their overwhelm-

ing duties, noted these symptoms and asked Katie if she was sick, but she always said No. It was such a comfort to have to do with a scholar who did not need driving that the overworked teachers forbore to rebuke the girl's ambition, and she worked resolutely on.

"How do you manage always to get good marks," said Bertie one day, looking over Katie's diary; "ten, ten, ten; there's never anything else; how do you manage it?"

"By always knowing my lessons, I suppose."

"But how can you always know them? Sometimes I can't study at all, and when I do, and think I know them best, they slip out of my head, or else the question that comes to me is just *the* one that I don't know anything about."

"Do you ever ask God to help you study your lessons?" said Katie gravely.

"Pray about lessons!" said Bertie, opening her eyes very widely, as if the idea was too preposterous to take in. "Why, Katie, how strangely you talk. Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"I always ask the Lord Jesus to help me," said Katie simply; "and I think He does. He

would help you, too, if you asked Him, I am sure."

"But it seems so awful, almost wicked, to pray about such a little thing."

"There is a verse here, Bertie, which says, 'In *everything*, by prayer and supplication, let your requests be made known unto God;' I think 'everything' must mean lessons, too."

Bertie did not say any more just then, but sat drumming on the window and looking out into the street. It was the recreation hour, but late in January it was still quite light, and Katie was using up the moments in finishing her next week's composition. After an interval her room-mate spoke again:

"Katie, I wish I was as good a girl as you are; but I am not, and I don't believe I ever shall be. It don't seem any use to try."

Katie Robertson was not above temptation; no Christian, old or young, is. The tempter is very subtle; he knows how to adapt himself to the peculiarities of every soul, and if our blessed Lord himself did not escape his suggestions of evil, we may be sure that we shall not do so. It was a long time since the evil one had found

any ground on which to approach our little friend. The more open ways in which he could reach Bertie Sanderson were quite closed by Katie's years of trust in the Lord Jesus. But there was one point where the enemy could touch even her, and he was not slow to avail himself of his opportunity. Katie did dearly love to be called a *good* girl, and she had been called one so long that she quite believed she was one, forgetting that we are all sinners except just so far as the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ enables us to resist evil and do right, and that it is only to those who are like Him, "meek and lowly in heart," feeling their own weakness, that He vouchsafes to give this grace.

There had been a great deal in hte life at Glenwood to make Katie feel herself a very good girl indeed. Her steady application to her lessons, her uniformly good marks, her rapid promotion, the unqualified approbation of her teachers, and her reputation as the best scholar in her class, all tended to inflame her vanity. Even her ambition, which caused her to deny herself necessary rest and recreation, and the steadiness with which she continued to

attend to her religious duties in the midst of the feverish hurry of her school-life, seemed to make her, in her own estimation, a very remarkably good girl; and with a little complacent smile and an accent of decided superiority, she said, —

"Why are you not as good as I am? I am sure you've only to try."

"But I have tried over and over again. Every Sunday, almost, I used to resolve that I would be better next week; but I never was, and I've given up trying now."

"You don't pray enough," said Katie, sententiously, remembering how seldom her companion now knelt in evening or morning prayer, and how much more seldom she borrowed her friend's Bible.

"Katie," said Bertie, who was in one of her occasional conscientious fits, when the memory of what she had openly professed and the longings to be what she was called were at work within her, "do you think any one can pray with a sin — a great sin — upon her conscience?"

"Of course not. Have you committed such a sin? What is it?"

"A lie," said Bertie, "a great lie. I can't tell you about it; but I 'm so unhappy."

"Why, Bertie!" said her shocked companion, "and you a member of the church, too! I should think you would be unhappy. You deserve to be."

At that moment the tea-bell rang, and no more could be said. Bertie's good impulses were checked by her companion's censorious tone, and Katie felt a little condemned, though she hardly saw how her self-righteous feelings had prevented her seizing the opportunity offered her of speaking a loving word for the Saviour, who is always ready to receive and welcome back His repentant children when they have wandered away from Him.

But Bertie did not often favor her room-mate with her companionship or her confidence. She was becoming more and more closely bound to Amelia and her set, who managed to occupy almost all her leisure time. She walked with the former in her daily promenade, went on errands for her in the afternoons and on Saturdays, and held mysterious conferences with her at odd moments in corners and on the stairs.

After the first few weeks she had told her aunt that boarding-school Sundays were unendurable, and begged permission to spend them with her cousins, and now she generally went to them after church, remaining all day, and being brought home late in the evening by her uncle or Mr. Peake, the gentleman to whom her eldest cousin was engaged to be married.

Of course, Katie felt her friend's defection very much. Somehow Katie was not very popular among the girls at school, and did not make intimate friends among the boarders. It is very rare that the same girl is popular with both teachers and scholars. School-girls, like other mortals, are jealous, and when a companion invariably has perfect recitations, and is uniformly praised for them, the contrast is one which they are very likely to resent. Moreover, in order to be "perfect in deportment," it was necessary to keep rules and to decline participation in the petty mischief which is always brewing in a schoolroom where the scarcely repressed spirits of forty or fifty girls are continually brimming over. When it is remembered, also, that Katie Robertson made use of every odd moment

for study, our school-girl readers will see that she was not likely to be considered "splendid" by the majority of her companions.

But why she was not more of a favorite with the boarders often puzzled her, recalling the old times when she was so conscious of the general avoidance of the factory girls without being able to understand the reason. She had tried to make acquaintance with several; but, though the girls were never rude, they never went any farther, never came into her room for a talk, never sought to be her companion in the promenade, etc., and very often, when a group were conversing together, if Katie was seen approaching, an embarrassed silence would suddenly fall upon the chatterers, and one after another would silently saunter away. It was some time before the lonely girl realized the state of things, and then she puzzled vainly as to its cause. But she could think of nothing. Indeed, she knew that she had tried to be kind to the girls, often during the study hour lending them books and pencils, helping them look out words in the dictionary, struggling with the difficulties of refractory "examples," and the like.

Katie felt the case to be a hard one, but there was no help for it. The general avoidance was not marked enough to call out the censure of the teachers, even if she had been "mean" enough to complain, and all she could do was, as in the old time, to "commit her way unto the Lord," and quietly submit to walk with the youngest or most disagreeable girls, whose companionship no one else wanted on the daily promenade and to church, and to devote the lonely recreation hours to still more assiduous study. It was but natural, however, that she should feel somewhat embittered, and that she should dwell more and more upon her own superiority to these "selfish" girls.

"You've dropped your handkerchief, Amelia," said Bertie, as the two marched together in the hated morning procession.

Amelia caught it up with a blush, but in a few moments dropped it again, and this time it was returned to her by a flashily-dressed young fellow who happened to be leaning against the street lamp by which they were passing. Its owner received it with a blush and a smile, but instantly looked the other way with an expres-

sion of bland unconsciousness as Miss Thornton, who was at the head of the line, chanced to look around.

The next day the handkerchief was dropped again at the same place, and the same young man picked it up, but, instead of returning it, held it to his lips with a ridiculous air of gallantry, and put it into his pocket. Amelia turned scarlet with delight, but at the same time looked furtively round to see if any one else had noticed the action. Being apparently convinced that Bertie was the only spectator, she produced another handkerchief with a knot tied in the end, waved it about, and then put it into her own pocket, the young man giving a nod of comprehension and walking rapidly away.

"Bertie," said Amelia, that afternoon, "I want you to do an errand for me this afternoon. You will, I 'm sure, — you 're so obliging."

"I 've got my composition to write," said Bertie hesitating."

"Bother your composition! You can write that any time, and I very particularly want you to do something for me to-day."

"I hope it is n't to get another 'Seaside.' I

almost got caught last time." Novels of any kind, be it understood, were among the things forbidden to the boarders, the consequence of such prohibition being that the day scholars of a certain "set" were often employed to procure and bring them surreptitiously to school, where they were devoured in those intervals known as "study hours."

"I don't believe you love me, Bertie. I would n't refuse to do a little favor for a friend, when I knew she was a prisoner and could n't do it herself. It is n't to get a book either. Never mind, I 'll find somebody. I might have asked Sophronia at recess, only I was sure of you. Don't trouble yourself. I wonder, when I come to think of it, that I should care to make friends with the companion of a factory-girl. Who knows —"

"What?" said Bertie as the other made a long and significant pause.

"Oh, nothing, only, —"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Nothing, except to carry this little note to the corner of C—— Street, and if you should happen to see that young man who picked up my

handkerchief give it to him. There 's no treason in it. Here, I 'll show it to you," and she took the tiny sheet of note-paper out of the envelope, and showed her companion that it contained only these words, —

"Don't do that again; it 's dangerous. Invent some other way. A."

"Do you know that young man?" said Bertie in astonishment.

"Never saw him in my life till yesterday."

"How rude he was to steal your handkerchief!"

"Nonsense, child! that was n't stealing. It 's the handkerchief game. You 're an ignorant little — *country* girl." There was a long pause before, and a peculiar accent on the word country, as though the speaker might have substituted some other, which again frightened Bertie into submission, as she hurried to put on her wraps, and, taking the note, made the best of her way to C—— Street.

The messenger had not long to wait. Several boys, who no doubt preferred to consider themselves young men, were lounging up and down

the sidewalk, and to one of them she at once presented the note.

"Hulloa!" said he, opening it. "Here's a lark! Who's A., I wonder? Oh, I know! the damsel of the handkerchief, no doubt. I thought she was a case when I looked at her. Your friend?" said he, looking at Bertie.

"Yes, sir," said the messenger, to whose young country eyes he looked very grand and grown-up, indeed.

"Then you tell her that I won't do *that* again; but I'll be on the sidewalk in front of the Institute, not the boarding-house, at a quarter before nine, just when all the outside girls are coming in."

Bertie departed with her message, quite overawed by the grown-up air, the *dude* collar, and kid gloves, and too inexperienced to know that they belonged to a young, silly, and rather common boy.

"All right," said Amelia, her eyes sparkling with delight, as her friend delivered her message. "Now we'll see sport."

"I don't see the fun. Why should you want to see anybody you don't know?"

"Mercy! you don't know anything about boarding-school life. I should n't want to if I was at home, where I can do just as I please; but it 's such fun to break laws and circumvent teachers. Mean old things! What business have they to make a prisoner of me? I 'll show them they can't do it, anyhow."

"Suppose you should get caught?" suggested her companion.

"I 'll risk that. They can't *kill* me; it would n't look well for the Institute. But look here, Bertie, if you ever tell a living soul about this thing I 'll make it too hot for you to stay here. You know what I 'll do?"

"What?" said the other, for a moment off her guard.

"Tell everybody that you 're not only a —— but also a ——. Do you want me to say the words?"

"No, no," said Bertie, in great alarm. "You can depend upon me; I 'll never tell, never."

"I knew you would n't. You 're a real, good girl, and I love you ever so much. Watch now, and you 'll see fun."

Bertie did watch and at a quarter before nine

the next morning saw Amelia Bascom, with her hat on, go out of the Institute door and mingle with the crowds of girls hurrying along in time to avoid being marked tardy. She also saw the same young man to whom she had given the note, walk rapidly by, and, looking the other way, run against a group of girls as if by accident. Then he turned, bowed, and apologized to one of them, who happened to be Amelia, managing at the same time to slip a thick white envelope into her hand, and passed on as though the whole incident had been an accidental one. Amelia hurried to her department, which was above Bertie's, and, seizing the first study hour, opened the envelope, and under cover of her desk-lid read page after page of sentimental nonsense with great delight.

"Is n't it a beautiful letter?" she asked of Bertie, to whom she showed the precious epistle at recess. And of course the latter assented, though, not being in the least sentimental, she did not at all understand the expressions, and failed to see the fun.

CHAPTER V.

SUNDAY VISITING.

KATIE ROBERTSON had at last found a friend — not a very old one, nor yet a very fascinating one; but still somebody whom she could love, and to whom she could be kind, and of course she was much happier in consequence.

Bertie's cousin Lilian was a very different sort of girl to either of her older sisters. She was slight, pale, freckled, sickly, and fretful. She had good natural abilities, and, having attended school ever since she was old enough, had managed to creep up to the department in which Katie was entered, although two years younger than the latter, in spite of the many days and weeks which she had lost by her frequent illnesses. She and Sophronia were on the terms which, alas, sometimes exist between sisters; that is, the elder had her own way in al-

most everything, tyrannizing over her younger sister, who in turn was cross and hateful, while not daring to refuse to do the bidding of the older and stronger girl. There were three years between her and Sophronia, and four between the latter and Augusta; but Sophronia always preferred to consider herself upon a level with her elder sister and to treat her younger one as a "baby." Augusta was a good-natured girl, and would have taken poor little Lilian's part and done more for her, but for the last year her thoughts had been taken up with her engagement and approaching marriage, and she had little time to give to such small matters as the concerns of school-girls.

Lilian was kept at home with one of her many colds the first week of Katie's entrance into the school, and when she appeared in her place, the latter could see nothing attractive about her. But she soon began to experience a fellow-feeling for the friendless little one, whose sister neglected her more than ever, now that she had her cousin for her companion; and by degrees — she hardly knew how it came about — she began to walk with her at recess and to

give her help in making up the back lessons she so frequently lost.

Lilian became very fond of her new friend, and there was one school-girl, at least, who thought Katie Robertson was "splendid." The intimacy continued when the latter was promoted, and perhaps added another reason why she found no friends in her new department.

Lilian had often wished to have Katie come and see her at her own home; but, as we have seen, the studious girl never went out except on compulsion. And whenever she suggested that it would be nice to have Katie come some Sunday, Sophronia vetoed the proposition by saying, "Who wants a prig?"

At length, however, Lilian went to her father, with whom she was a prime favorite, and boldly asked if she might invite Katie Robertson, Bertie's room-mate, to spend Sunday with them.

"Certainly," said Mr. Cleveland, a fat, good-natured man, who liked to have everybody round him enjoy themselves. "She's the girl who was so kind to your cousin when she was sick, is n't she? I wonder your mother and

sisters have n't paid her some attention before this. I always do pity those poor girls shut up in a boarding-school."

So the next Sunday, in answer to a note sent to Miss Perry by Mr. Cleveland, Katie accompanied Bertie from church to her aunt's house. She had hesitated a little about accepting the invitation; for Sunday visiting, except for purposes of kindness and charity, had not been the custom at Squantown, and had never been thought right by her mother. But it was the general custom at school. Every boarder who could get an invitation for Sunday did so, and the teachers always seemed to be glad to be relieved of their charge on this weary day. For it was a weary day, even to Katie Robertson. She enjoyed, of course, the good sermons of Dr. Peabody, her own quiet Bible reading and prayer, and her letters to her mother; but she missed the dear home Sunday-school, and the companionship of Tessa, and she was apt to feel both lonely and homesick as twilight drew on and she had no one to talk to. Bertie had spoken in high terms of the good times they had at her aunt's and she knew that the family

were all church members, and that the children attended Sunday-school.

Bertie, who was very fond of her companion in spite of her subjection to Amelia, and in spite of the half-guilty feeling which kept her from being very intimate with one so much better than herself, was delighted to have a chance of showing off the fine city house, which was such a contrast to her own plain home at Squantown. And Katie was indeed quite surprised at the brilliant velvet carpets and gay, showy furniture, much grander than any she had ever seen, even at Mr. Mountjoy's. And yet her fine taste at once missed the delicate air of culture and refinement which pervaded the "great house" at home, and which Miss Eunice had known so well how to utilize as a moral and spiritual influence over her girls.

There were elegant, plush-covered chairs and sofas in the drawing-room here, heavy *brocatelle* curtains with deep, gilded cornices at the front windows, with a long, narrow mirror resting on a marble slab between them; there were tall, costly vases on the mantel-piece, and a handsome rosewood piano in the back room. But

there were no pictures except two badly-colored photograph portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland and a brilliant chromo in a gaudy frame; no books except a large family Bible on a stand in the corner; no engravings, and none of the countless little nick-nacks with which modern taste covers tables and mantels, and which give character and expression to a room.

The dinner was very good. All sorts of nice things were on the table, to which our two country girls, used of late to the monotonous boarding-school fare, did ample justice. Great, however, was Katie's astonishment, when, as an after-dinner treat, a decanter of wine was produced, Mr Cleveland filling glasses with it, and passing them to the children as well as the grown people. Never in her life had she seen intoxicating liquor on any one's table, and, whether it was wine or whiskey, it seemed to her indissolubly associated with bar-rooms, shanties, drunken factory operatives, and the awful tragedy which had so aroused Squantown and led to the temperance movement there.

She looked at Bertie as the glass was placed beside her, and saw that while her companion

was evidently embarrassed, she said nothing; neither did she put the glass to her lips as she saw both her young cousins do.

Katie endeavored to follow her example, and not seem to be rude by refusing the offered courtesy, but she could not prevent her tell-tale face from expressing its astonishment and horror, which so amused Mr. Peake, Augusta's *fiancé*, who was also at table, that he burst into a good-natured laugh, which added greatly to her embarrassment.

"Did you think it would bite?" said he, as soon as he could speak. "You look as though you thought it a wild beast."

Katie thought of the Bible words, "It biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder;" but she did not speak, though she felt conscience-stricken as she remembered the pledge of the Do-Good Society which she had signed, and in which she had promised to use "all her influence against liquor and tobacco." She felt that it was cowardly to sit there and say nothing, but she could not find anything to say. She knew she would be laughed at in that society, and she had not moral courage to face a

laugh. Mr. Cleveland pitied her embarrassment, and turned the conversation by saying, —

"Whoever is going to Sunday-school will have to hurry; the bell has almost done ringing."

"Don't let 's go, Bertie," said Sophronia, as her cousin rose really anxious to go, for her fit of Sunday goodness was upon her, excited by an uncommonly good sermon of Dr. Peabody's. "Don't let 's go. I 've got something to show you in my room — the loveliest story," she said in a lower tone, which however was heard by Katie. "We 'll just have time to read it together, and the book will have to go back to the library tomorrow." Bertie looked a little irresolute, but as usual, yielded to the stronger influence, and went upstairs with her cousin.

"You 're surely not going to immolate yourself in that crowded Sunday-school room," said Mr. Peake, as Augusta also rose from the table.

"My class will expect me," she said, "I have not provided a substitute."

"Then they 'll have to expect, or the school will have to provide one. Do you think I am going to spare you to a set of infants this whole

Sunday afternoon? Come into the parlor now, and make yourself agreeable. I need somebody to teach me, and I 'm of a great deal more consequence than all the infants," and of course the young lady obeyed and followed him into the drawing-room.

"Come, Lilian, hurry," said her mother, "you 'll be late."

"I don't see why I need go if Sophie don't," said the child fretfully, "besides I want to go to ride."

"There 'll be plenty of time for both, puss," said her father kindly. "I am sure your friend here will like to see our model Sunday-school, and I 'll stop for you both at the door, as soon as the exercises are over."

"Would you like to go, Katie?" said the little girl, with an entire change of tone.

"Of course I should. I have n't been inside a city Sunday-school yet."

"Of course I 'll go then," said Lily, and ran away to get her hat.

Katie Robertson was used to the extremely pretty Gothic Sunday-school room at Squantown. She had imagined that nothing could be

grander or more beautiful, but she was lost in astonishment when she entered the immense rotunda, capable of seating three thousand, filled to almost its utmost capacity with children, teachers and visitors. There was a fountain in the centre, whose cool waters plashed down upon bright yellow pebbles, surrounded with a fringe of flowering green-house plants, and reflected in a thousand prismatic rays the colored glass, of which the roof was almost entirely composed. The classes were arranged around the fountain in radiating lines, as far as a semi-circular row of columns, between which were fastened sliding doors, which, when they were closed, formed a row of little rooms or chapels, in each of which was gathered a Bible Class of older boys and girls. Above this ran a gallery, in which were seats for visitors, multitudes of whom always attended the sessions of this model school. Across the other side of the building ran a broad platform, where the superintendent and officers sat, where the organ was situated, and where gentlemen stood when they addressed the school. Back of this were great sliding doors, which. when opened, disclosed the

Infant and Primary Classes, several hundreds of small children being arranged on low seats.

Nothing could equal the order and regularity with which the school exercises were conducted, the unanimity of the Scripture reading, the heartiness of the responses and the readiness with which a few general questions upon the lesson were answered. But when the classes were left to their teachers, the young visitor experienced a sense of disappointment, and sighed in vain for the spiritual lessons of her first teacher and the thorough preparation of Miss Etta. The young lady to whose class she had accompanied Lilian, got through the lesson as rapidly as possible by asking the printed questions, and supplying the answers when any one hesitated. Then she turned to the young lady teacher next to her, and commenced a lively conversation concerning dress, and the parties of the week past or to come, in which, it is not to be wondered at, the girls of both classes took a deep interest, finding it much more exciting than the dry, formal lesson. The advent of the librarian with the "books," put an end to this, and then came the closing exercises, after which the vast mul-

titude of little folks filed in an orderly manner, out of the eight doors, and in a few minutes, without noise or confusion, the great building was emptied.

It must not be supposed that all the classes in the Sunday-school were taught by the same kind of teachers as Lilian's and the one next to it. There were many earnest, hard-working Christians among them. Good teachers'-meetings and plenty of "helps" were provided; and all, had they chosen to avail themselves of their privileges, might have been well prepared to teach, elucidate, and enforce the sacred lessons of God's holy Word. But in all our fashionable Sunday-schools, as, alas! in our fashionable churches, there is a class of young people who take their places there because it is "the thing" to do, and are not a whit the less worldly than their companions who stand professedly on the outside. Perhaps there have been times when the longing to live a Christ-like life burned strongly in their souls, and they even felt a desire to tell unto others the wonderful story of the Cross; but the world had too strong a hold upon them; the pleasures and cares so

fascinating and so absorbing in a city life have choked the good seed, rendering it, for the time, unfruitful, and, while having a name to live, they are, to all appearances, dead.

At the door of the Sunday-school, Katie and Lilian found a great sleigh piled up with furs and drawn by two splendid horses, which, as Mr. Cleveland was a grocer, on week days drew the provision-carts from door to door. Lilian's father held the reins, and in the sleigh were already her three sisters, Bertie, and Mr. Peake.

"Stow yourselves in, little girls," said Mr. Cleveland good-naturedly, "only make haste, for the afternoon is rapidly passing away."

"It is n't far to walk," said Katie, supposing they were only going home; "not nearly so far as we always walk at Squantown."

"You 'd be greatly tired to walk where we are going, little Puritan," said Mr. Peake. "Wait till you see."

And then the big horses began to prance, and they dashed up the avenue through miles and miles of gay parties on foot, on horseback, in carriages, and in sleighs. Such elegant equipages, so much fine dress, such bustle, glitter, and gai-

ety Katie Robertson had never seen in her life, and when at the end of the long street they entered the park, she was still more astonished, and could hardly believe it was Sunday. Hundreds of merry skaters wheeled and flew over the ice in the pond, hundreds of people promenaded over the terraces, and hundreds more kept constantly entering the doors of a gaily-decorated building, where, in their turn, our party alighted, and going into a well-lighted hall, took such seats as they could find, and listened, with the rest of the crowds, to the gay and inspiriting tones of a multitude of musical instruments.

Katie had at first supposed that they were going to some kind of a church service, but the music was unfamiliar in its nature; and presently, in answer to a puzzling question, Lilian said, —

"Oh, it's only a concert. In summer they always had it in the open air; but since the cold weather came on, the music-stand has been moved into the Casino."

"But do they always have it on Sunday?"

"Now they do. It used to be on Satur-

day afternoon; but there were a good many people who could not come then, and last summer they tried changing it to Sunday. Mr. Peake says it's a very successful experiment, and can never be changed back again now."

"I think it's perfectly awful," said Katie. "It's just Sabbath-breaking. I wish I had n't come."

"Well, we're going home now; the music is over, and it's most dark; we were very late today, anyway." The party were then again packed into the sleigh, which took its place in the procession of gay equipages, dashing rapidly back to the city.

"What a gain we have made upon the old Puritanic times," said Mr. Peake. "I wonder the Pilgrim Fathers don't turn over in their graves; but we've beat the Sabbath anyhow. As if there could be any sin in a pleasant drive and a little fine music on Sunday afternoons."

"I can't see any harm," said Mr. Cleveland; "at any rate I could n't drive any other day, and I suppose there are many other people situated in the same way. I would not interfere with

any one else's conscience, but I always hate to see Sunday made cold and forbidding, or religion held up as a bugbear."

"Yes," said Mr. Peake, "fanatics have no right to take away the workingman's only holiday, and the sooner a religion that 'grinds the face of the poor' is abolished, the better."

"Stop, Eustace," said Augusta; "you've too many listeners for that sort of talk;" and the two fell into a colloquy of too low a tone for the little girls in the back seat to hear.

"Do you think it's wrong to go riding and to listen to music on Sunday?" said Lilian, turning to Katie.

"I always thought it was wrong to do anything except go to church and Sunday-school, and to read good books and the Bible. But your father's very kind to take me, and what he said sounded right. I really don't know what to think."

"I thought it wrong, too, in Squantown," said Bertie, "but it seems right here. Uncle Oscar is a church member, and Augusta and Sophronia; they would n't all do what 's wrong."

"I wish," said Lilian, and then she hesitated

and changed her sentence to — "How is it, Katie, that you always want to know what 's right instead of what 's pleasant?"

"I want to please the Lord Jesus who has done so much for me. Don't you?"

"I don't know. I have n't thought much about it, — at least not till quite lately."

By this time it was quite dark, and they had reached the house, where another luxurious meal called by Mr. Cleveland "supper" (a piece of vulgarity of which his daughters could never break him) awaited them. There was cold ham and tongue and stewed oysters and hot biscuits and preserves and honey and varieties of cake. Mr. Cleveland always said that if a grocer's family should n't have good things he did n't know who should; and Sunday was in his house a special day of feasting. Katie could not help remembering the wording of the commandment, and wondering how the "maid-servant" was to keep it who had so much cooking to do and so many dishes to wash upon the Sabbath day.

The bells rang for evening church before they had all left the tea-table, but no one showed any inclination to go. Augusta said

she was "tired to death," and threw herself upon the sofa, where Mr. Peake fanned her. Poor over-worked Aunt Cleveland, who spent all her week-day time and strength in ruffling the girls' skirts and trimming their dresses, took the only rest she allowed herself through the week by falling asleep in a big easy chair, while her husband followed her example in another.

The four younger girls sat together and talked a little, but they had all eaten too much supper, and the ride in the cold air had made them sleepy, and no one was sorry when Mr. Peake, looking at his watch, said, —

"Now, you unfortunate young prisoners, I suppose you will get a taste of jail discipline if I don't carry you home immediately."

"Did n't we have a lovely time?" said Bertie, when the girls were alone in their own room. "Was n't everything just splendid."

"The dinner and tea were beautiful, and the furniture and carpets, and it was very kind in your uncle and aunt to invite me," said Katie, trying to think of all the pleasant things to say that she possibly could.

"But did n't you have a splendid time?"

"No, I can't say that I did," said Katie slowly. "It don't seem right to spend Sunday just that way."

"Well, you are a queer girl," said Bertie, much offended, and nothing more was said.

Katie Robertson was very much dissatisfied with herself that evening as she knelt for her evening prayer. Her spirits were not in tune; instead of the words she wanted to say, memories of the gay sleighing parties ran through her mind, and questions as to whether Bertie's uncle and Mr. Peake were right in what they had said about Sunday pleasure. She felt, too, as though she had been cowardly in not asserting her principles upon the wine question, and in not refusing to go to ride when she felt it to be wrong. Most of all she missed the influence of her usual time of quiet Bible reading and prayer, in which she had been wont to lay down all the week's cares at the feet of Him who "careth for us," and to gather up strength for the coming week's duties and responsibilities.

Thinking the matter quietly over before she

went to sleep, Katie decided, once for all, that, in spite of the agreeable change from boarding-school fare, and in spite of her lonely Sunday afternoons, she would not again accompany Bertie to her cousin's, as she had been asked to do "whenever she felt like it."

Having made this decision and asked forgiveness for all that had been amiss through the day, our little Christian found it easier to pray, and was soon soundly and quietly asleep.

CHAPTER VI.

A WASTED OPPORTUNITY.

THE long spring days had come. There was more light now, and, for those who desired so to use it, more time to study. Katie Robertson, though feeling the spring languor, threw herself into her work with renewed energy, and had no time to feel lonely. She had passed her second examination, and secured her second promotion the first of March. One quarter more of steady effort would bring her into the same class with Sophronia and Helen Lorne, and she bent all her energies to the task, at no matter what cost. She was not really doing herself justice now, for though she never failed to have perfect recitations and her deportment marks were unvarying, she often completely failed to grasp a subject comprehensively, and her perfect answers became things of rote. Worse still, the constant ner-

vous strain began to tell upon her temper. She lost some of her usual bright, happy spirit, and became cross and snappish towards the girls with whom she came in contact.

Lilian still continued Katie's warm admirer and faithful friend. She sought her at recess, and when she could succeed in drawing her from her books for a few moments in the garden or hall, she was exceedingly happy. Lilian always brought her "lunch" to school. It generally consisted of rich cake and other delicacies, a generous portion of which was often pressed upon Katie, who found it a great improvement upon the plain but good boarding-school fare. Occasionally, also, the little girl, who went and came as she chose, unquestioned by any one at home, would come round to the boarding-house late in the afternoon, and insist upon her friend's taking a walk with her, on which occasions the country girl had become somewhat familiar with the great city of which she was at present a resident. On several occasions she had gone home with Lily, and one Saturday evening she had been invited to tea, and been treated with the usual lavish hospitality by the grocer and

his wife, with good-natured indulgence by Augusta, and haughty rudeness by Sophronia; but she had never accepted another Sunday invitation.

Sophronia Cleveland was one of those exceedingly silly girls who think that the possession of a certain amount of money, or the holding of a certain position in society, makes a person better, and she was always trying to become acquainted with what she called "genteel girls," like Helen Lorne, or else with those who, having a great deal of money to waste, became by its use very popular among their companions. She was not a great favorite among such girls, in spite of the faultless dresses which she insisted her mother should provide for both herself and Lilian. She was in constant terror lest the girls whose fathers were bankers and produce-dealers should discover that her father was a retail grocer, and she should thus sink lower in the social scale. She was heartily ashamed of the fact that Bertie had worked in the Squantown Paper Mill, and would have been glad to ignore her acquaintance had that been possible. But as the country girl was her own cousin, she could

not very well do that, so she did what seemed to her the next best thing, that is, to keep the terrible fact from the knowledge of the girls, if it could be done. As a step in this direction she never noticed Katie, whose connection with Bertie might so easily reveal the secret. On the contrary, she hinted, to those who would listen, how unfortunate it was for her cousin to be forced to room with one whom she would never have associated with at home; a girl who was educated by charity, and about whose past there was something — though she did not say what — extremely disgraceful. It was in part owing to these somewhat undefined hints, that Katie found herself a subject of such marked avoidance. Had the girls been a little older and wiser they would have seen that our delicate, lady-like little Katie was greatly the superior — even in the social scale — of the rough Bertie Sanderson and the pretentious Sophronia Cleveland. And perhaps, had they been told directly that the "disgraceful" thing was simply working in a paper mill, they would not have seen anything so very disgraceful in it. As it was, however, they magnified the mystery into some-

thing very awful, and this feeling, added to Katie's own absorption in her work, left her almost without friends.

But Lilian's devotion was unbounded. Her new friend was, as she told her old ones, "perfectly lovely." She looked up to her with the respect of a little girl for a "big" one, and fought many a battle with her sister, on behalf of her friend. Lilian had another reason for seeking Katie's acquaintance, which as yet she had been too bashful to express. In her many days of sickness and loneliness, the Holy Spirit had touched the little girl's heart. She felt that she needed something that she did not have, to make her good and happy here, and to fit her for that early death which she sometimes thought to be very probable. And that something, she instinctively felt, Katie Robertson had. She knew that Augusta and Sophronia did not have it, although more than a year ago they had stood before the church and confessed themselves followers of their Saviour. She had seen no difference in their lives; they cared as much as ever for dress and worldly amusements, and while the oldest sister was, as she always

had been, good-natured and kind to the little one, Sophronia was even more cross and disagreeable, and the poor child felt that she could get no help or sympathy from her.

With regard to Augusta, Lilian made a mistake. There had been a time when the girl's heart was very tender; when, under the influence of the earnest preaching of the young pastor, of whom Bertie had spoken in her letter, she had resolved to give up the world, and live for Him who had given his life for her. Under the influence of these feelings she had joined the church, and persuaded her younger sister to do so at about the same time that all the girls in Miss Etta Mountjoy's Sunday-school class had taken the same step at Squantown.

But she "went into society" soon after that, and found its parties, and dress, and excitements very fascinating. And then she was engaged to Mr. Peake, and he, being one of the young men of the day who think it manly and superior to say flippant things about religion, soon put Augusta's transient "goodness" to flight. It may be that the good seed still lay dormant in her

heart, waiting for better influences to cause it to germinate and bring forth fruit; but for the present it was to all appearances dead, buried under the cares and pleasures and concerns of this world. As to Sophronia, she had never known any religious convictions at all. She had been carried along by the general tide of feeling around her, — her sister's influence, and the fact that many of the most wealthy and aristocratic girls of the church and Sunday-school were going to "join the church" at the same time. No one offered any opposition when she announced her purpose of being one of them, and somehow, among so many, she escaped any very special examination as to her fitness for so solemn a step. She came forward with the rest, felt a passing sense of importance as she stood before so many approving eyes, and then went back to school and her daily life, the same worldly, self-seeking girl as ever — the incident of Sunday making scarcely a ripple upon the smoothly-flowing current. Of how many of the young people of our Sunday-schools, who are "taken into the church" in great numbers at times of general religious interest, is the spi-

ritual history of Augusta and Sophronia an exact counterpart?

But Lilian had seen enough of Bertie during her former visit to know that her repentance was genuine, and to feel, young as she was, that the mysterious something, which we know is the influence of the blessed Holy Spirit, was at work in her cousin's heart. All the months which had intervened she had been feeling her own way along; sometimes careless and thoughtless, but sometimes realizing that the fretfulness and crossness for which she was constantly reproved, and the flashes of anger with which she received her sister's snubbing, were sinful. Sometimes she struggled very hard to be better; but she somehow never made any progress, and before long became completely disgusted with herself, as every one will be who attempts to be good in her own strength.

When Lilian heard that Bertie Sanderson was coming to the same school as herself, she was full of hope, and thought that she should learn from her cousin the secret she so much desired to know. But, alas! Bertie at once devoted

herself to Sophronia, who was about her own age, and took very little notice of "the baby," as pale, under-sized little Lilian was often called in her own home. It was not long, however, before she saw that to Katie Robertson religion was a reality; that Katie really did endeavor to be faithful to all her duties, to please God in little things, and in *all* her ways to acknowledge Him; and she felt that Katie might be able to give her the help she so much desired. Therefore she clung to her and watched her, and tried, in spite of that causeless yet real shrinking, which we all feel from telling any one when we are first thinking about sacred things, to bring herself to the point of asking her companion the old question, "What must I do to be saved?"

One day Lilian felt unusually brave. She saw Katie sitting at her desk at recess, and she went to her and said,—

"Come and walk; I have something very particular I want to ask you about." The color flashed to her usually pale cheeks as she did so, and she trembled from head to foot. It may seem to us a very little matter, but the success-

ful effort to say as much as that had cost the timid little girl more than many a greater self-sacrifice of witnessing has cost the martyrs.

But Katie was quite unconscious of the struggle. She did not see the scarlet cheeks or the tear-dimmed eyes, nor did she catch the nervous quiver of the plaintive voice. She never looked up from the paper upon which she was steadily writing, as she said:

"I can't come, Lily, I really can't. You 'll have to find some one else to walk with to-day. I'm so busy I can't spare a single minute;" and if it had not been for her uniform habits of sweetness and gentleness, she might have uttered an impatient exclamation about the "tiresome little thing," who still leaned wistfully upon the back of her chair.

Instead she went quietly on with her writing, and by and by Lilian walked slowly away, swallowing her disappointed tears as best she could, and it was a long time before she again screwed up her courage to talk to any one about religion.

And what was it that so engrossed our Katie as to make her quite forget to be Christ-like,

and to throw away the opportunity which He brought to her of doing direct work for Him?

There was to be an "entertainment" given by several of the intermediate departments. Such things were common at Glenwood, and their uniform success added greatly to the reputation and popularity of the school. It was to be a dialogue in character and costume. The main part had been written by one of the teachers who was clever with her pen, but it was to close with a little poem, written by the girl who delivered it, and of course the writer of the poem would receive great admiration and applause. For this honor Katie was making strenuous efforts. She had already distinguished herself by several little attempts at versification, two of which had been read in the chapel before the whole assembled school on Friday afternoons. She was determined to succeed now, and she had utilized every hour that could be spared from her other duties to write and re-write her verses and to polish them to the utmost degree of which she was capable. She was now making the last fair copy which she expected to hand in to the composition

teacher, in whose hands lay the decision, immediately after recess. There was no harm in what she was doing. It was, indeed, simple compliance with the wishes of those who were in authority over her; but Katie's motives of action were somehow becoming complicated. She was ceasing to act with an eye *single* to God's glory. Her ambition was tinged with some thoughts of herself and her own honor, and the tempter made use of these mixed motives to turn her attention from the opportunities her Saviour gave her of doing self-denying work for Him.

The poem was accepted and commended. The parts were given out, and for a week or two there were constant rehearsals and a great deal of time spent in arranging costumes and planning postures and details. For emblems to denote the different characters, the laboratory and museum were laid under contribution, while the mothers of the day-scholars provided what they thought suitable dresses. Fortunately a perfectly simple white dress, with the addition of a white wreath loaned by one of the other boarders, was the most suitable costume

for the part which Katie was to take, and this the wardrobe supplied by her uncle's liberality afforded. Lilian, on account of her exceedingly diminutive size which made her appear much younger than she really was, was selected as the principal character, and the constant study of her part, with the frequent rehearsals and continual flutter of anticipation, effectually put an end, for the present, to the little girl's religious anxieties. Katie was greatly elated with her triumph, but had she known at what cost it was won, she might well have heard a still, small voice, saying in her ear, —

What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own or his neighbor's soul?

On the appointed evening the chapel of the Institute, brilliantly lighted and adorned with flowers, was filled with a crowd of well-dressed mammas and papas and other friends who were all delighted to see their children act, and who, by constant rounds of applause, added the intoxicants of flattery to the other dangerous influences of the occasion. Thirty-five of the girls took part, Lilian personating the *Little Scho-*

Tar and Katie Robertson *Religion* who came in at the close. Bertie, who very much desired to take part, was declared to be too big — possibly the teacher in charge doubted her powers of committing the part to memory. Sophronia scornfully declined to have anything to do with "the baby show," but sat with her friends among the audience.

CHAPTER VII.

COMMENCING AN EDUCATION.

THE platform of the chapel had been somewhat enlarged and covered with a bright carpet. In the centre of it was a chair, against which Lilian was discovered in a very short dress, holding a hoop in one hand, and with the other pressing a doll to her bosom. Speaking to herself, she said, —

"Oh dear! I've got to be *educated.* I don't know what that means, but I am afraid it won't be half as pleasant as playing with my doll and rolling my hoop have been."

A grave-looking figure in a long dressing-gown, wearing spectacles and carrying a pile of books, here entered, and the *Little Scholar* continued:

"What a queer-looking person that is. Pray, who are you?"

Figure (advancing from right and offering

books). — "My name is *Reading*. I am to be your constant companion in the future. Without knowing me you could know nothing of what has happened in the past, or is now going on in the world. You would grow up to be an *ignorant dunce*."

Little Scholar. — "I don't want to be that, of course; but I don't like your looks much. I hope you will leave me alone sometimes" (turning to the left to greet a figure wrapped in a great map and carrying a globe, while *Reading* fell back, and stood still). "What 's *your* name?"

"I am a great traveller. I can tell you about all the countries in the world, what grows in them, how the people live, what they do, and how they dress. I received my education from an old philosopher named Thales, of Miletus, more than two thousand years ago. I am called *Geo-graphy*, from two Greek words, which mean the earth and to write."

"I am sure I shall like you, and to hear all you have to tell about the countries and the people, but I hope you don't always use such long words as Geo-graphy and Phi-los-opher; it makes my mouth ache to say them."

While Lilian was repeating these words, a procession of girls advanced from the other side, dressed in the distinctive costumes of France, Italy, Hindostan, Persia, etc. At their head walked one with the word *Language* embroidered upon a sash passed across her chest.

Language.—"While you learn about all these countries, you will want to understand their speech. These, my handmaidens, will teach you to do so. This" (drawing forwards a dark girl in Oriental dress) "is *Hebrew*, the language in which the Bible was written. This" (pointing to a girl dressed as nearly like a statue as possible) "is ancient *Greek*, spoken by the men who first developed art and literature, and this" (indicating another, wrapped in a flowing white sheet to represent a Roman toga, and bearing a rod surmounted with a gilt eagle) "is *Latin*, the tongue of the brave Roman conquerors of the world. These" (pointing out each in its turn) "are *French*, *German*, *Spanish*, *Italian*, *Swedish*, *Danish*, *Russian*, and *Portuguese*, all spoken at the present day, and therefore all called living languages."

Great care had been taken in studying up the

national costumes of these different countries, and as one after another of the girls came forward and then, retiring, formed part of a prettily-arranged *tableau* at the extremity of the platform, the effect was very striking, and was greeted by a round of applause, during which there came from the other side a quaint figure, dressed like a traditional school-mistress, with a high cap, a little shawl pinned across her bosom, spectacles, and a chart on which were printed in large letters the different parts of speech. She said, in measured tones :

"You cannot study all these languages, or even speak your own correctly, unless you make *my* acquaintance. I, *Grammar*, with my phalanx of Nouns, Verbs, Adjectives, Prepositions, Conjunctions, Interjections, Articles, and Participles, will show you how all the sentences are put together, and what it is right to say and what not."

At the name of each part of speech, a very little girl, dressed in white exactly like her companions, and holding up a gilded scroll upon which the words were inscribed, came forward, bowed, and retired to the other side of the platform,

where a tableau, similar to that of the languages, was formed.

And now came a small girl, carrying a dictionary so big that her arms could scarcely embrace it, and saying, —

"And I, *Spelling*, will teach you to spell the words, for though it is no honor to spell well, it is a great disgrace *not* to do so. I will furnish you with a code of rules and a whole library of lexicons."

While a laugh at the big words in the little mouth was going on, and the speaker was dropping the big book and making a seat of it, another girl came in, dressed like an Arab, with a long, white beard, a white mantle covered with black digits, and a turban from which depended a big 9 in place of a tassel.

The little scholar gazed at this figure, and said, —

"Upon my word, you're a comical old fellow! What have you to say for yourself?"

Arithmetic. — "I come from the spicy country of Arabia, though some people say I was born in Egypt, on the sacred shores of the Nile,

among the mummies and the crocodiles. I rule the world nowadays. Without my aid no one could make money or spend it. I have in my service nine crooked little elves, called *digits*" (pointing to the figures scrawled upon the mantle), "who will play all manner of curious pranks for you, and sometimes make your head ache, I am afraid."

"I shan't have anything to do with you or your elves," exclaimed Lilian, "for I have heard that —

> "'Multiplication is vexation,
> Division is as bad,
> The rule of three doth puzzle me,
> And fractions drive me mad.'"

"Allow me, then, to introduce you to my mathematical cousins" — two girls dressed like old sages in long black gowns, and carrying trigonometrical and other mathematical instruments.

"Indeed, you will have a good deal to do with me, my brother, and my cousin," said one, while the other stooped down and traced circles, squares, and triangles on the carpet with a piece of chalk. "We are the most abstruse

of your new friends, and yet are of the most universal application. Behold our mysteries."

"And, pray, of what use are all those lines and corners?"

"They are of great use to me," said an advancing figure, a tall girl dressed in silver gauze, with a crown of stars and a sceptre crowned with a crescent moon. "I, *Astronomy*, am the oldest of the sciences. No one knows when or where I was born. I walked with the patriarchs before the flood. I talked with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob during the long, solemn night-time concerning the wonderful power of God. I can tell you the names of all the stars; can point out to you the Dipper and Orion, the Great Bear and the Pleiades. With the assistance of these, my mathematical companions, I will show you how to calculate eclipses, how to weigh the sun, how to determine the parallax, how —"

"Oh, for mercy's sake, stop!" exclaimed Lilian, putting her hands to her ears. "You're quite awful!" and, at the same moment, she turned with an expression of delighted surprise to where nine girls, as nearly the same size as

possible, dressed in blue and white gymnasium suits, stood grouped in regular order, and said: "I like *your* looks. Who are you?"

"I am called," said the leader, facing about, "by a very long name, — *Cal-is-then-ics;* but you can't help liking me in spite of that. I will teach you to move your arms thus" (raising her own, and being imitated by the others), "your head, your eyes, your feet, your waist, and your fingers." At each motion the whole class went through an appropriate series of free gymnastic exercises. "Under my direction you will learn to jump and run, to skip and climb, while you daily grow stronger and more beautiful."

"Oh, that's awfully jolly! Let's go and have a race at once."

"Not quite so fast," said a figure advancing from the other side in the dress of an Eastern scribe, with an inkstand fastened in the belt, an immense quill behind its ear, and a copy-book in its fingers. "Not quite so fast. You must sit still and tire your arms first before you rest them; your limbs must be a little cramped before they will need stretching. Look at me. I am the greatest power in the world. Unless

you are familiar with me you can never influence others, or communicate to those at a distance the things which you have learned. But with my aid you may speak to the men of unborn ages."

"And with my aid," said an advancing figure with a broad rolling collar, a little flat velvet cap, and carrying an easel, a palette, colors, brushes, chalks, pencils, and papers, — "with my aid you can do still more wonderful things. I will make you pictures of trees and mountains, and lakes and rivers. Beautiful ladies will smile at you from my canvas, and here you may study the occurrences of the past, the present, and the future. I will also show you what my dear sons, the painters, have done — Michael Angelo, Raphael, Rubens, and all the rest, till your heart will burn within you, and you will say with one of them, 'I, too, am a painter.'"

"I know I shall like you the best of all my new friends. I shall never tire of your society."

Then there entered two girls of just the same size, dressed exactly alike in white, and crowned with wreaths of laurel, and carrying, one a harp, the other a lyre. "I hope you will never tire

of me, *Music*," said one of them. "I am everywhere; my voice is the voice of everything. Winds, seas, rivers, trees, birds, bees, men, women, children, even the angels in heaven, are my retainers. I can enliven you when sad, sooth you when weary, incite you to noble deeds or hush you to rest upon my bosom. I will swell a joyous pæan in your hour of triumph and chant a requiem over your bier."

"But without your twin sister, *Poetry*," said the other, "yours would be but a 'song without words.' I give expression to the emotions which you create. I have won more laurels even than you, but together we will win a chaplet which will never wither, a diadem whose lustre shall never be dimmed."

"Show me what you can do," said Lilian.

Then the two girls, who had very good and very-well trained voices, sang a duet together, — *Poetry* taking the soprano and *Music* the alto. During the song, a plainly-dressed figure with white powdered hair advanced to the front, unrolled a large chart, and said, —

"Pause now, and listen to me. I am the voice of the past. Men call me *History*. I have lived

through all the dreamy ages of old. My homes have been the palaces of kings, the cabinets of statesmen, the camp, and the court. I will tell you stories of all that ever happened. How Noah and his family went into the ark, how the tower of Babel was built, and how the cackling of geese saved Rome. I will tell you about Egypt and Nineveh, Babylon and Greece; of Cæsar, Alexander, Charlemagne, Alfred, Luther, Napoleon, and Washington. I hold in my memory tales of murder that will make your blood run cold, and of generous self-sacrifice which will fill your eyes with happy tears. I shall talk of fights and tourneys, knights and ladies, discoveries and achievements, and from them all, I shall draw —"

"No, please don't! Tell me as many stories as you please, but don't draw any morals; I *hate* morals."

"Then I," said another performer, with wheels, screws, and other philosophical toys, "will give you facts. I am called *Physics*, or *Natural Philosophy*. I know all about wheels, pulleys, and machinery; about sound and light and water; about electric telegraphs, and bal-

loons, telephones and phonographs; why the wind blows, why the kettle boils, why the cat licks her paws, and — "

"That 's just splendid. But don't tell me too much at once, or I can't remember it all. Where in the world did *you* come from, — all covered with mud and dirt?"

The last question was addressed to a figure completely covered with a sheet, from two holes in which peeped a pair of sparkling black eyes. Great clots of earth and clay of various colors stuck to the sheet, to the bottom of which were attached fragments of stone and metal. One hand, which protruded, held a hammer, and the other a piece of granite.

"I," said the strange figure, "come from the caves and the dens of the earth. I am called *Geology*. I can teach you how to find out how old the world is; can tell you about the drift periods and the glaciers. I am intimately acquainted with ichthyosaurians, megatheriums, mastodons, and — "

"I don't want to hear about such dreadful things. Go back to your dens and caves, and stay there till the world is a good deal older."

A white-robed girl now advanced, completely wrapped in garlands and floral crowns, and carrying some flowers in a basket which she scattered on the floor as she came.

"I am sure you will listen to me," she said, "for I talk about the prettiest things in the world — 'God's smiles,' some people call them. I know where the earliest violets hide themselves, what makes the roses blush and the lilies pour forth their fragrance. I am called *Botany*, and where I am there is a perpetual spring."

"What 's the use of posies?" said a venerable-looking individual, arrayed in dressing-gown and spectacles, and holding forth a crucible and a retort. "Listen to me, *Chemistry*, and you will understand the construction of all of the wonderful compounds into which the original elements are combined. I can manufacture earth, air, fire, and water for you at will. I light your streets, warm your houses, cook your food, heal your sick, and sometimes — poison your inhabitants."

By this time the audience was evidently getting tired of this succession of learned per-

sonages with their big words, and were inclined to sympathize with Lilian, when she put her hand to her brow, and said with a weary sigh, —

"Must my poor little head be crammed with all these things? How will there ever be time for it all? They say I am to be 'finished' at eighteen."

But at that moment three tiny little girls, of not more than five, entered, each holding up before her an enormous letter, cut out of crimson card-board. The letters covered their bearers like shields, and their little faces looked very quaint as they peeped through the openings.

Arranging themselves in a row, they piped out in unison, —

"Don't be frightened. You are only expected to do one thing at a time, and at present you have only to make *our* acquaintance."

"Yours!" (a gesture of surprise and contempt). "Who are you?"

"I am A."

"I am B."

"I am C."

"When you are sufficiently familiar with us, you shall be introduced to our other sisters."

And then, as the laugh which the comical little figures had excited subsided, while they still stood on Lilian's right, Katie, who was really the oldest girl in the party, and looked taller than she really was by contrast with the *Letters*, dressed in pure white, with gauzy silver wings, and a crown of white flowers surmounted by a silver cross, came forward upon the left, and presenting Lilian with a handsome Bible, said, —

"You must have one more teacher, dear child, or all the rest will be of no avail. I will teach you whose child you are; why you were placed in this world, and whither you are going when you leave it. I will tell you of the wonderful God who made all the wonderful things you have been hearing about, and of the beautiful home Jesus is preparing for you beyond the stars. I will teach you to be good and happy; how to live and how to die. Sisters," she said, putting one hand on Lilian's shoulder, and with the other beckoning to all the others to come forward and arrange themselves in a closely-packed semicircular group around her, "*Music*, ***Poetry***, ***Literature***, the *Sciences*, and the *Arts*,

join with me in showing to this little one that religion alone is a sure foundation on which to build an education for both time and eternity."

There was a moment's pause, during which Katie's almost angelic appearance and perfect acting were greeted with a storm of applause, and then the whole group united in singing a hymn, of which the opening lines are —

> "'T is religion that can give
> Sweetest pleasure while we live;
> 'T is religion can supply
> Sweetest pleasure when we die."

And the dialogue was concluded.

After this, the girls retired to seats provided at the rear of the platform. There were one or two single recitations; then all arose and sang together the popular hymn —

> "Shall we gather at the river?"

Then came Katie Robertson's long anticipated triumph, the recitation of the poem, composed, as the programme informed every one in the room, by herself.

The little poem was pretty, graceful, and well rendered, and the young poet, still in her angel

dress, felt as though she could soar away above the heads of the multitude, who were clapping their hands and throwing flowers at her feet. Excitement and delight made her eyes brighter and her cheeks redder than they had ever been before. She thought she would have liked to stand there forever, with that applause ringing in her ears. But, alas! poor child, in that tumult of applause there was no echo of the still, small voice which was wont to testify its approbation when she had "committed her way unto the Lord." Strangely enough, she had omitted to do this that night. She could pray over her lessons, and thank God for her success in them, but an unerring instinct told her that for a success whose motive was personal ambition and the desire for praise, it would be sacrilege to ask the help of Him who is "meek and lowly in heart." Katie stood on a perilous height that night; but the Saviour, to whom she had entrusted herself, was watching over her still, and was preparing for her such discipline as would effectually counteract the exaltation and bring her back into the valley of humility, where alone her peace lay.

CHAPTER VIII.

BACKBITING.

POOR little Lilian! She had gone through her part bravely and well. She had hushed the nervous tremors that came over her at the sight of the great audience before whom she was to speak. She had kept her voice up loud and clear, so that she was heard all over the house. She had not forgotten a word of her "part," and had won special admiration by the bright, lively manner in which she uttered the sudden questions and exclamations which it demanded. But the strain upon her delicate, nervous organization was great. She grew fearfully tired towards the close, a brilliant color rose to her cheeks, such as had scarcely ever been seen there before. Her voice began to tremble so towards the last that she could only control it by a very great effort, and she was exceedingly glad when there was

no more for her to say. During Katie's presentation to her of the Bible and the words which followed it, she thought, as she had done a hundred times during the rehearsals, of her unsuccessful search for that religion which was here represented as the foundation of all education, and of her disappointment in seeking Katie's help. Her eyes filled with tears, and had there been any more for her to say she must inevitably have broken down in a fit of sobs. She managed, however, to control herself till it was all over and the young performers had gone into the dressing-room to put on their wraps, and then suddenly, and to the great consternation of all the girls, fainted entirely away.

Help was immediately summoned. Mrs. Cleveland came from the audience, administered restoratives to her little girl, and, as soon as she showed signs of consciousness and was able to stand, carried her off in a carriage and put her to bed.

The girls were awed, and the glad chatter which might be expected at the successful termination of the entertainment was changed into low whispers of fright and anxiety about

Lilian. Katie Robertson found that in spite of her proud position as poet-laureate of the occasion, and the delicious applause which she had received, she was quite forgotten now, and was of no apparent importance among her companions.

Hardly knowing why, she was disappointed, and went to bed with a strong feeling of the utter unsatisfactoriness of success in earthly things, — a lesson we all have to learn, often painfully and again and again, until we have really learned not to set our affections on things which are below, but on those which are enduring, at the right hand of God.

To do Katie justice, however, the depression of her spirits was owing in part to the fatigue and the reaction from so much excitement, and in part to her anxiety about Lilian, of whom, as her only friend, she had become very fond.

"Do you think Lily is going to be very sick?" said she to Bertie, as the room-mates undressed that night?"

"No, I guess not; she 's always sick or shamming. Sophie says she does it so as to get attention and consequence at home."

"How can Sophie be so unkind? I think Lily 's very nice; but she looks pale and miserable, and so unhappy."

"Well, may be she is nice, but you see I've always gone with Sophie. She 's just my age, and I don't know much about Lil; that 's the truth."

"Bertie, do you like Sophronia?"

"Like her? No, not as I like you and some girls; but she 's my cousin, you know, and I 've got to go with her."

"Well, I don't like her. I don't think she is a good girl, and I don't think it 's good for you to be with her. You 're not half so nice as you were at Squantown. I don't think Amelia Bascom does you any good, either. Bertie, now that you 're a church member you ought to be more careful about choosing your friends."

"I don't know that it 's any of your business," said Bertie, in a tone of great offence. "I should think I had a right to know my own cousin; and as to Amelia, she 's a nicer girl than you are, if you are so jealous of her."

Now Bertie did not at all intend to make this unpleasant speech a moment before she

made it. She was very warmly attached to Katie, and liked her a great deal better than any other girl in the school. She was clear-sighted enough to see that Sophronia was worldly, calculating, and devoid of all real religious principle and feeling, and she loathed her bondage to Amelia; but she resented Katie's tone of superiority, all the more because she felt that her friend was consistently living up to the religion she professed, while she was being turned about by every chance influence that surrounded her.

Katie had discharged what she had long felt to be a duty. She had watched the influence of both Sophronia and Amelia upon her companion, and saw that they were leading her away from living so as to ornament her profession. It was only the part of Christian faithfulness to warn her friend of the dangers into which she was running, and help her back into the right path. But she had chosen a wrong time, and spoken in a wrong spirit. It is only when we "speak the truth in *love*" that it will do any good to those to whom we speak it, and we shall never help others to see the wrong in them-

selves while we show them how much better we consider ourselves. It is only as *fellow-sinners* that we can ever point others to the Lamb of God who taketh away the sins of the world.

To-night Katie Robertson stood on a pinnacle of self-appreciation. Her triumph had been complete, and the tempter, taking advantage of the sense of self-complacency which possessed her, led her to speak to Bertie in the manner of a superior rather than a friend. Of course the latter, whose conscience made her very uncomfortable of late, resented this, and Katie's attempt at faithfulness did her friend more harm than good.

Lilian was not at school the next day, nor the next, and it soon became known that the poor child was very ill. A low, nervous fever the doctor called it. Not necessarily dangerous as yet, but requiring great care and complete freedom from excitement. He advised that, even when his patient had rallied sufficiently to leave her bed, she should be taken from school for the present ; and in fact she did not again take her place among her companions till school opened again the next autumn.

Of course Katie saw little of her now. Occasionally, as we have said, when the pressure of other duties would allow, she made a little visit at the grocer's, and once or twice she took Lilian out for a short walk, but the conversation was always general. Much as the latter thought about her old desire to be a Christian, and her many failures in trying to be one, she could somehow never sufficiently overcome her timidity to again open the subject; and Katie, not having the least idea what was in her companion's mind, never thought of introducing it.

Thus easily may we throw away an opportunity of working for God, and souls which, once passed by, will never come to us again. The blessed Lord, who never allows a *sincere* desire for Him and his service to go unanswered, will in his own way answer Lilian's, but the joy and honor of being a co-worker with Him will be given into other hands than Katie's.

But this is looking forward. It was the morning after the "entertainment." The girls who had taken part in it were tired and, in some cases, cross. They had been up later than their usual bed hour. The preparation of

their lessons had been somewhat neglected, and more bad marks than usual were placed against their names. Several absences occurred, which, of course, more or less deranged the classes, and a good many "tardys" had to be reported in the chapel.

At recess Katie stood leaning listlessly against the railing at the foot of the stairs. She had no companion, as Lilian was not there. More than one girl who would have been proud to be known as the friend of the successful poet of the night before were deterred from offering their friendship by the general impression that Katie Robertson was "too proud" to desire to have friends. Katie was pale and languid. She was feeling keenly the reaction from last night's excitement. Her lessons had seemed very tame this morning. They had lost their fascination, and it was with the greatest difficulty that she managed to keep her place in the classes, and to win her usually correct marks. The object for which she had been striving all these weeks had been attained, and now there seemed nothing more to work for. She felt lonely, too. Lilian was sick and away. She had alienated

Bertie more than ever, for this morning that indignant young lady had declined to speak to her except in the briefest monosyllables. Life at school was not such a pleasant thing, after all.

At this moment she heard her name spoken by one of a group of girls whom she had before noticed as *huddled* in the undignified manner dear to the hearts of school-girls under the stairs. She could not see who they were, and from the position in which she stood, she was entirely hidden from their sight. It would have been more honorable of course for her to have gone away, but she never thought of that, so interested was she in the conversation.

"Yes, she did it splendidly," said one; "there's no doubt about that. But who cares? I'd rather be good-natured and jolly than smart, any day."

"I don't think Katie Robertson's so awful smart," said another voice. "She gets good marks, of course, but then she's the pet of the teachers and they can mark her as they choose. I could get good marks, too, if I cared to take the trouble."

There was a general laugh at this, for the speaker was known as a great dunce, against whom her companions had a joke that once when her teacher had said to her, "Carrie, what do you know?" — meaning the special lesson for the day — she had answered, with sweet unconsciousness, "I don't know *anything*, Miss Peck."

"May be you could write such a poem as that," said Bertie, who, though offended with her friend, still felt bound to stand up for her.

"I could get somebody to *help* me, as no doubt she does. Those saints are always as sly as anything."

"I guess Katie's a *good* girl," said another voice; "she's a member of the church, you know."

"I'd rather be *bad* than stuck up. Who *is* Katie Robertson, anyway?"

"*What* is she?" chimed in a voice which Katie knew to be that of a boarder who was always elegantly dressed, and had as much money to spend or throw away as she chose. "She gives herself great airs, and the teachers make a great fuss over her, but she seems as

poor as anything. Just see how countrified her dresses are."

"She is sent to school by charity, and is to be a teacher, I believe," said Sophronia's measured tones. She was beginning to get anxious at the direction the conversation was taking.

"Is that all there is about it?" said another girl. "I imagined from the mysterious looks I have seen and words I have heard that there was something positively disgraceful about the girl."

"So there is," said Amelia Bascom, fixing her eyes upon Bertie and enjoying her sense of power as she saw the color flash up to the roots of her satellite's hair. "Something very disgraceful. The paragon is a common factory girl: and here she is set up as not only our equal, but our superior. It's a real shame!"

"So it is," said one or two voices.

"Are you sure it's true?" said Sophronia.

"Yes, I'm quite sure. I heard her say so; I thought it was to you. At any rate, Bertie Sanderson knows all about it. They're from the same place."

Katie listened breathlessly to hear what her

companion, whom she had forgiven so much, would say. It could not be that she would leave her to bear what the girls so evidently considered intense disgrace alone. She knew she would have stood up for Bertie. She could not forget how she had once risked her life for her friend, and she expected to hear some generous response to this appeal.

But she was disappointed. Bertie was between two fires, and her nature was not sufficiently noble to enable her to choose the straight path, as we know she had ceased to ask the present help of her all-powerful Saviour in every moment of temptation. On the one side stood Sophronia and her commands and threats, on the other Amelia, to whom she had admitted the facts concerning Katie Robertson, while tacitly denying those concerning herself, and in front stood all the group of inquisitive girls, full of the importance of this great secret, and anxious to hear as much about it as possible.

"Is it really so, Bertie?" said one of them.

"Yes!" answered she. "Katie worked in the factory at Squantown of which my father was overseer. They were all very poor, and

papa was very kind to them. An uncle, I believe, sends her to school. My mother was very angry when she heard that I was put to room with her."

"Poor child," said the silly rich girl. "I 'm really sorry for you."

Amelia said nothing, only gave Bertie a very significant look, but Sophronia breathed a sigh of relief.

Poor Katie could stay to hear no more. A multitude of conflicting emotions almost choked her as, blinded with tears, she rushed out of the Institute building, across the garden, into the boarding-house, and up to her own room, where, throwing herself upon the bed, she gave way to the wildest torrent of passionate emotion.

This, then, was how she was regarded by her school-fellows — she, the perfect scholar, the obeyer of rules, the class-poet, the church-member! She was "stuck up," proud, dishonest, in their estimation; she was looked down upon because she was poor, and despised because she had once helped her mother by earning an honorable independence. Had Katie been a little less excited, or perhaps a little

older, she might have seen that it made very little difference what a few idle school-girls, actuated largely by jealousy, thought of her, since she had the teachers and her own conscience on her side. She would have seen, moreover, that the opinion of these same little girls did not, in the least, alter the real value of the work she had done, or the position she had held. But she was not very old after all, and this world of school-girls was the world in which she lived, and its opinion was as valuable to her as is the opinion of the circles to the wisest and best of us, by which we are surrounded. We are all very apt to judge of things by the standard of public opinion rather than to seek simply to know how they appear in the sight of God.

But the hardest part of all was Bertie's defection. She had not *said* an untrue word, but she had sided with her enemies, and had made it seem as though she herself stood in a much higher position at home, and was positively disgraced by her own companionship. Would those girls have petted and noticed Bertie so if some one had told them that she, too, was "a factory girl?" Of course not, and it was Bertie

and not herself who was appearing under false pretences, — Bertie, who had so injured her once before, whom she had since done so much to befriend. She would never have anything to do with her false friend, never speak to her again if they did room together; and at the remembrance of what Bertie had said upon that subject her tears flowed afresh. Anger against Bertie did not do much to calm her spirits, and she had cried and sobbed herself into such a state by the time the messenger sent by her department teacher to look her up, that it was with perfect truthfulness she returned for answer, —

"I have such a headache I can't see. Please leave me alone, and ask Miss Roe to excuse me for the afternoon."

"Poor child," said the teacher, loud enough for all the class to hear, "she is quite tired out with her exertions last night, and no wonder. I 'll give her a chance to make up her marks to-morrow, — next young lady," and the recitation went on, while there were one or two more whispered remarks about the "pet's" immunities.

If Katie could only have maintained her position by the stairs a few minutes longer she would not have been so utterly inconsolable. Helen Lorne had all this time been walking up and down the hall with her arm round the waist of a companion — a position which many another girl would have been glad to occupy. On being left alone, in answer to a signal of invitation from Sophronia, she joined the group under the stairs just in time to hear the latter part of the conversation. With a sudden flash of righteous indignation which made her supremely beautiful, she said, —

"Girls, I am ashamed of you. How do you dare to discuss any one behind her back this way! Miss Robertson has been leaning against the post there, no doubt hearing every word you said. She's gone now," she added, seeing the blank looks, "but I am sure by the expression of her face she has heard you."

"She's a mean sneak to listen," said one.

"She could n't help herself. I heard you all the time I was walking out there, only I was so busy talking I did not attend to what you were saying."

"Well, we did not say anything but the truth," said Bertie sulkily, while Sophronia was very nervous at the thought of having offended Helen Lorne. "Katie did work for her living in the paper mill at Squantown."

"And she acts as though she was a princess," said another of the girls.

"And where's the harm in working for a living?" said Helen. "Don't all your fathers do it? Mine does. I only wish I knew how to earn some money, so it would be really my own to give away or do what I chose with. I think it's noble to work and be independent."

"But she need n't be so stuck up," said another, apologetically; "she need n't set herself above the rest of us."

"I don't believe she does. I don't know her much, though I mean to, now; but I do know that not one of us could write and recite that poem as Katie Robertson did last night. My mother thought it was wonderful, and I heard a lady say it was perfectly angelic."

"She always knows her lessons, too," said one of the group coming round to the winning side.

"And she's real good about helping with your sums," said another doubtfully.

"Well, all I have to say is I 'm ashamed of you," said the indignant little beauty, walking away at the signal for the close of recess. "How mad I was," she said to herself, as her flaming cheeks cooled off a little; "but I do hate backbiters so. If I don't like people I 'll tell them so to their faces. I mean to know this Katie and be kind to her any way. She was awfully cut up, I saw it in her face — her own particular friend and room-mate against her, too. How she must have felt it! I never did like that Sophronia Cleveland. I don't see how I ever came to let her walk with me; I won't again."

CHAPTER IX.

HELEN LORNE.

"MAMMA," said Helen Lorne, "would you mind it if I was acquainted with a factory girl?"

Mrs. Lorne was, as may be supposed, slightly astonished at the abrupt question. She was leaning back in a luxurious easy chair, in the beautifully furnished sitting-room of her elegant house, watching with her usual glad impatience for her daughter's daily return from school, and thinking with a mother's overwhelming anxiety of that daughter's future.

But indeed one might well dismiss all anxiety concerning the future of such a girl as Helen Lorne. She was one of those few children, — there might be more of them if parents prayed more in faith, and acted in better accordance with their prayers, — who seem to be Christians with the earliest dawn of intelligence.

No one could remember the time "when to please Jesus" did not seem the highest motive of action known to the child; when, after any little exhibition of temper or naughtiness, the thought of having "grieved Jesus," properly presented, would fail to bring the little maiden to tears of contrition and a determination to "be good."

She always liked to accompany her mother to church, and at a very early age, at her own request, gave herself publicly to Christ, and had since so lived as to bring no dishonor upon her profession. Yet Helen was not priggish, as people are apt to consider religious children. She was neither morose nor self-conceited. No girl of her acquaintance could more enjoy a good romping play when she was small, nor, as she grew older, find such intense pleasure in all beautiful things in art or nature. Her faults were all those of a generous temperament. She would flash into sudden anger at an act of injustice or cruelty, and repent at once of the sharp words she had spoken, begging immediate forgiveness and so overwhelming the person with caresses, to whom she had spoken them,

that he or she was at once shamed into sorrow for the act.

She had been known to pick up a stray lame kitten covered with mud, and, wrapping it in her silk dress, bring it in and nurse it into health. The same thing happened to a half-starved puppy and to a broken-winged bird, till Helen's friends accused her of keeping a hospital for unfortunate animals.

When she was four years old, she greatly embarrassed her mother by lugging in from the rain a little beggar of about her own size, and insisting that she should be put into her own bed and sit at table with her, saying in answer to all remonstrances, —

"She 's dust as dood as I am. Dod made her, did n't he?"

In fact, one of the most difficult things Mrs. Lorne had been called upon to do was to show her child the difference that exists, in spite of all our theories, between those to whom generations of generous living and education have brought refinement and culture, and those who, still surrounded by vice and ignorance, are not suitable companions for a delicate young lady.

It was, perhaps, a remembrance of these teachings that moulded the question with which this chapter opens.

Helen Lorne was a very brilliant scholar. Her lessons seemed to present no difficulties to her, and, though she was never known to fail in a recitation, she always had plenty of time for out-of-door exercise and for kindness and sociability. When it is added to all this that the young girl was extremely beautiful and that her father was known to be one of the richest merchants in the city, and that she was generous, even to lavishness, in giving and sharing the many nice things with which she was so amply provided, it is no wonder that Helen Lorne was universally popular, alike with teachers, pupils, and outside friends.

To her mother she was the most precious thing in the whole world. She could scarcely bear to part with her darling, even for an hour, but being a wise, as well as an affectionate, mother, she sent her to school instead of educating her herself, — which she was well qualified to do, — that she might have the advantages of association with other girls, and not become

selfish and consequential, as an only child is apt to do. She watched very carefully, however, over the acquaintances and intimates of her daughter, which was the cause of Helen's words when she came home from school to-day.

"I don't quite understand you, Helen," she said. "You are old enough now, surely, to choose your own associates. I don't see how you are to come in contact with factory girls, and I thought you had too much good sense to judge of any one by her occupation."

"Of course I have, and Katie's a perfect lady, and as lovely and good as she can be. She's a Christian, too; but all the girls are down upon her because she is or was a factory girl; and I did n't know how you might feel about it."

"Sit down, dear, and tell me who and what 'Katie' is, and then perhaps I can understand you better. I have already said that no occupapation makes a person unfit for companionship, only the factory girls I have known are apt to be vulgar and pretentious, and I would n't like my Helen to be intimate with vulgar and pretentious people, no matter what grade of society they occupied."

"Of course not; but, mamma, Katie Robertson was 'the angel' at the entertainment last night."

"Is it possible? Why, she is the loveliest, most refined little girl I almost ever saw. I am sure, if one may judge from appearances, there can be no evil about her."

Then Helen told her mother what little she knew about Katie, which really was very little, as the two girls had never been in any of the same classes, and ended by a detailed account of the conversation under the stairs, ending with the words, —

"Was n't it mean, mamma?"

"Yes, it was very unkind, and I don't wonder my generous little girl wants to befriend one who is so badly treated. Can I help about it?"

"Of course you can, you kind, thoughtful mamma! I want to invite her here to spend Sunday. She is at the boarding-house, you know, and all the girls say it 's so lonely there on Sunday that they get away if they possibly can. Katie's room-mate, too, Bertie Sanderson, was one of the girls who talked against her, and it must be hateful to be with her now.

But that is n't quite all" (and Helen hesitated as though not quite sure her mother would understand what she was going to say), "I don't mean that we are better than other people, but, you know, we have more money and handsomer things than some of the girls' families, and I thought, perhaps, if we took up Katie, and invited her here, and showed that we did n't mind her having been a factory girl, the others would n't consider it a disgrace and would be kinder to her. I don't know if you quite understand me."

"Yes, I think I do," said her mother, smiling at Helen's confusion. "You mean that our handsome house and our carriage and our position in society are talents which we hold in trust from the Lord, and that when we use them to make other people either happier or better, we are doing with them just what He would have us do, and by so much glorifying Him."

"Thank you, mamma; you always understand, and you can say it so much better than any one else."

"I want you to think in that way of every-

thing the Lord has given you, my child. You are quite old enough to know how pretty you are; plenty of people would tell you so if your mother did not. Whenever you look in the glass do it with a thankful heart, and ask your dear Saviour to help you so to use your beautiful gift as in some way to glorify Him — so with your talents, your education, your music — all that you have and are. They are all God's gifts; lay them daily upon his altar, glad that you have something so precious to give back to Him who has given you so much."

Helen had already dimly caught sight of this idea, but now that her mother put it so plainly before her she saw at once how many opportunities of doing good it would give her, and she rejoiced in the thought.

The next day Katie Robertson, who had recovered her self-possession sufficiently to resume her place in school, was surprised, at recess, to find Helen Lorne's arm thrown around her waist and to receive the usual school-girl invitation, —

"Come, let 's walk."

So embittered were poor Katie's feelings to-

wards everybody upon this special morning, that had it been any one else she would have declined the invitation; but she had looked very longingly from day to day at Helen Lorne. She admired her from a distance, and greatly desired to be intimate with her, as the other girls were. To her, Helen was the loveliest creature in the world, and it was very soothing to her hurt feelings, as Helen meant it should be, to receive this invitation.

Helen talked pleasantly about one or two subjects, and then said, —

"Miss Robertson, — or I may call you Katie, may I not? — my mother told me to ask if you would not like to come and spend Sunday with us this week?"

For a moment Katie, remembering her experience at the Clevelands, and being somewhat taken by surprise, did not know what to answer, and Helen, seeing her hesitation, said, —

"There will be no one else. We don't have Sunday company; but I thought it might be pleasanter for you than staying at the boarding-house. Mamma says if Miss Perry will give you

permission she will come for you in the carriage on Saturday afternoon, and send you back in time for school on Monday morning. It won't seem so much like Sunday visiting that way, you know."

Katie was delighted with this invitation. She had heard Sophronia and Bertie talk about the Lornes' elegant house, which was in the outskirts of the city, and wish that in some way they could manage to see its beautiful conservatories and picture-galleries, as well as the elegant furniture and other glories which were supposed to be within the walls, and Helen was answered with the first smile which had crossed the successful poet's face since the night of her great triumph. She ran over to the boarding-house to ask Miss Perry's permission, — a mere form, since, as everybody knew, that lady was only too glad to get rid of as many of her boarders as possible on Sunday, and came back to Helen just in time to accept the invitation before the close of recess.

"I'm very glad," said Helen; and she was more glad in doing a kindness to Katie than she would have been at receiving one herself.

"Mamma and I will call at about three o'clock to-morrow. Your lessons will be finished then?" Katie nodded. "And we shall have time for a pleasant drive in the park before dark. You haven't seen our beautiful park yet, have you? It's looking lovely now; the grass is just turning green, and the buds on the trees are swelling. Spring is beginning to make itself felt and seen."

"No, I haven't seen it; I shall be delighted. How kind your mother is!"

"*I* think so," said Helen, with a glad warmth of affection, which it was very pretty to see. "We must go; just look at the clock. Be sure you 're ready at three; don't forget."

There was no danger of Katie's forgetting. The prospect opened to her was almost like that into fairy-land, and she went about her afternoon recitations and duties almost happy.

Not quite, however. No one can be absolutely happy while cherishing any ill-feeling against another; and our young friend was very sore towards Bertie, Sophronia, and all their "set." She had ample cause to be, she argued to herself, and this was quite true; but

a Christian girl may not regulate her feelings towards others by their unkindness towards her, or the provocations they have given her. Our Master left us a better rule of life than that. We are to be kind and forgiving, to love our enemies, to bless them that hate and persecute us, to "pray for them who despitefully use us."

Katie well understood this rule, and had so successfully practised it in former times towards Bertie as to lead her to Christ. But things were a little different now. In former times Katie Robertson was humble. She did not think so much of herself and her own powers. Her mind dwelt chiefly upon how she could help her mother and benefit her companions. Now she was "puffed up" with a pretty high idea of her own scholarship and faithfulness to duty. She was one of the "smart" girls and one of the good ones, as contrasted with the "shirks" and the "rule-breakers." The commendation she had received had somewhat turned her head. She had become a little self-righteous, and it is no wonder if, with her eyes turned away from "looking unto Jesus" and fastened upon herself, she should stumble and fall into a sin

which was as bad for *her*, with her advantages and the Help she had received, as the grosser sins of the other girls were for them.

The room-mates had not spoken to each other since the night of the entertainment, on which occasion we remember Bertie was so incensed at her companion's ill-timed lecture, that she resolved not to speak to her friend again — a resolution which, strange to say, she kept all the while the two were dressing the next morning. Her self-imposed penance, for such it was to a girl so fond of talking as Bertie, would not probably have endured much longer, if Katie's indignation at what she had heard under the stairs, and Bertie's knowledge that she had heard it, had not thrown a barrier between them of anger and shame, which the one would not and the other could not remove.

As a consequence, when Katie knelt to say her evening prayer there was a cloud between her and her Saviour, and the sweet, holy words of her Bible had lost their old power to comfort her. "If we regard iniquity in our heart the Lord will not hear our prayer;" nor can we pray aright while we are cherishing animosity

against any of God's creatures. Our Saviour has told us, —

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."

But no degree of self-condemnation can entirely take away the pleasure of an expected holiday visit from a school-girl, and it was with a very bright face that Katie put on her church suit and waited for Mrs. Lorne's carriage to come for her on Saturday afternoon. She had, of course, said nothing to Bertie about the expected visit, and the latter was so brimming over with curiosity as she saw the night-dress and comb and brush packed up that she almost broke her resolution of not speaking to her friend. As she would certainly have broken it had she remained in the room, she retreated to the hall, and there, in company with Amelia Bascom and one or two other girls, saw the beautiful horses draw the elegant carriage up to the door, heard Katie run down stairs, and saw

her open the door and enter the carriage, which then drove rapidly away.

"Whew!" said Amelia, "that's style; — who'd have thought it? Really, Bertie, your factory — I beg pardon, I mean country — girls, have stylish acquaintances. Who are your friend's friends?"

"I think I saw Helen Lorne in the carriage," said Bertie, coloring as she always did when her tormentor's eyes were fixed upon her, but trying to speak carelessly. "She's one of my cousin's friends. They're together a good deal;" which was near enough to the truth for her purpose, if not exactly accurate.

"Do you know the Lornes?" burst in Minnie Corwin. "My father says Mr. Lorne is the richest man in the city. Their house is just elegant. I didn't know Miss Robertson was acquainted with them." Minnie's respect for both Bertie and Katie had evidently very greatly increased since the advent of the carriage.

"She don't know them," said Amelia snappishly; "it's only one of Helen Lorne's cranks, you may depend upon it. She heard what we said about Katie's giving herself such airs, and

she only a factory girl, and she 's just taken her up to make us mad. My ! did n't her eyes snap yesterday ! "

" Still," said Minnie, " that Robertson girl must be 'somebody,' or the Lornes would n't take her up. You must be mistaken about the factory story."

" Ask Bertie," said the other, but Bertie had prudently retired.

Meanwhile, Katie was greatly enjoying her drive. Very seldom in her life had she been in a carriage; never in one so elegant and luxurious as this. To sit among the soft, springy cushions and be whirled along over the smooth roadways of the park was an exhilarating delight of itself which those unused to carriages can hardly understand. Then to her country-educated taste, so long starved by a prospect of staring brick walls, the free open sunshine, the broad expanse of blue sky, the green slopes, just turning an emerald green, and the distant glimpse of the ocean beyond the open landscape was a feast of delight. Also to a girl who had studied as hard as our Katie had done, and who was really suffering for fresh air, exercise, and

rest, the change of scene and occupation was an exhilaration in itself, and her kind entertainer was glad to see a faint tinge of color come into the pale cheeks, and a new light into the heavy, tired eyes.

Mrs. Lorne had been studying the pale cheeks and heavy eyes as Katie sat in front of her by the side of, but such a contrast to, her own bright and radiant Helen; who, because of her steady attendance at school, and the ease with which she had always acquired everything, had never been over-taxed either in body or mind. She saw the traces of the over-work to which her ambition had driven the girl before her; but she saw or thought she saw something else. Katie evidently was not happy. This, of course, might be partially accounted for by the unkindness of the girls, of which her daughter had told her; but she thought she detected traces of something else, and she determined to find out what that something else was, if possible, before her guest went back to her work.

Katie's expressions of admiration for the park were quite warm enough to satisfy Helen, to whom it was an old story. Her home was

about three miles from the Institute, and, though she generally went to and from school in a street car, it was often convenient for her mother to send her or call for her in the carriage, and on such occasions they always drove through the park. Nor was the kind girl any less satisfied with the success of her plan when she saw her new friend's evident delight in the beautiful house, and especially the pretty little bedroom which she was to occupy alone; Mrs. Lorne having wisely decided that, till she knew more about this stranger, it would be best for her not to share her carefully guarded daughter's room.

It was quite dark when they got home, and after tea, which was enlivened by a boy cousin of Helen's, who always spent Saturday evenings at his aunt's, a few merry games, and prayers — conducted by Helen's father and so different to the formal service at school, — the two girls retired, Mrs. Lorne saying as she bade Katie good-night, —

"I always like to have Helen go to bed early on Saturday night in order to be well rested for Sunday. There is so much that is delightful to

do on that day that we always have breakfast half an hour earlier. I hope it does not trouble you to get up early."

"Not in the least," said Katie; adding, "You know I have been used to early hours at the paper-mill,"— and her simplicity in thus speaking of her work added to Mrs. Lorne's respect.

CHAPTER X.

A CHRISTIAN SUNDAY.

UNDAY morning dawned as still and bright at the Lornes as it had ever done at Squantown. A garden, large for the city, surrounded the house, and, though as yet there was no foliage, it gave promise of summer's greenness and beauty, and at least let in air and sunshine. There were no rattling carts and wagons to break the Sabbath morning stillness, and the street-cars were too far off to be heard except as a distant rumble. Breakfast was ready precisely at seven. Though everything on the table was wholesome and palatable, delicately prepared and delicately served, there was nothing which required much sacred time to be consumed in its preparation. After breakfast, all the family, including three Protestant servants, assembled for morning prayers, which consisted of a carefully-selected passage of

Scripture, a hymn in which all joined, and an earnest prayer, which included all the needs and touched all the circumstances of all present, and which, looking forward through the day and its happy duties, sought a spiritual blessing upon all. There was no press of either business or school to-day, and all felt that as the day began so early there was plenty of time to make the home prayer-service a little fuller than usual.

At its close Mrs. Lorne said, "I suppose you would like to accompany Helen and me to Sunday-school to-day, Katie. We never *entertain* visitors on Sundays or change our usual plan of life on their account. We shall be very glad to have you go with us, but if you prefer to remain at home and read, you are welcome to do so, and there are plenty of books."

"I 'd a great deal rather go," said Katie; "it will seem so much more like home."

"Well, then, Sunday-school commences at nine, and perhaps you would like to look over the lesson first. Helen will show you where it is, and you will find plenty of 'helps' on that shelf," pointing to one of the book-cases in the library where they were sitting.

"Please excuse me a little while, Katie," said Helen, when she had provided her friend with the necessary books, "I always help mamma with the bedrooms on Sunday."

"Do you do your own rooms?" asked Katie in surprise.

"Only on Sundays. We always help the girls on Sundays so that they may all be able to go to church and Sunday-school if they choose. Mamma thinks if they are as free as we are to attend all the services, they won't want to be running about visiting and pleasure-seeking in the afternoon and evening."

"What do they do with themselves then?"

"They generally go to church at night, and in the afternoon they have a pleasant sitting-room just off the kitchen, with a table and plenty of Sunday books."

"Don't they want to go out?"

"They never go, except Celia. Her mother is sick, and she generally sits with her all Sunday afternoon, so as to let her other sister go to church. She is always at home, though, in time for tea. I asked mamma once what made our servants do so differently to other people's ser-

vants who seem to consider Sunday a day for visiting and worldly pleasure. She said, pointing to the fourth commandment. 'Your father and I mean to obey that, Helen.' You see it says, 'thy manservant and thy *maid*servant.' The commandment covers you also, Katie. You won't be allowed to go out pleasure-seeking either, for the commandment says, 'nor thy stranger that is within thy gates.'"

The Lornes walked to church, a quiet little surburban church, where one looked in vain for the gorgeous decoration and beautiful music which were to be seen and heard at Dr. Peabody's. For many years both the parents were members of this grand city church, but after moving into their present home, it had seemed to them wrong to use the carriage to drive into and out of town twice on Sunday, thus depriving both horses and coachman of their rightful Sunday rest. Besides, soon afterwards, a little church was commenced in their neighborhood, and Mr. Lorne felt it to be his duty to give his money and influence to the support of the new enterprise, which grew rapidly and flourished greatly under his fostering care. It was now a

moderate-sized church, well filled with worshippers, and the Sunday-school especially was in a very prosperous condition. Here both Mr. and Mrs. Lorne had classes, while Helen belonged to a Bible-class, most of whose members were much older than herself. Katie noticed that they were of all grades in society, to judge by their dress and methods of speaking. She also noticed that Helen was just as cordial in her greeting to all, paying particular attention, offering a hymn-book, etc., to a little German woman whose appearance would have certainly caused Sophronia to "pass by on the other side."

The Sunday-school and its services presented nothing to distinguish it from other schools in the city. Lessons, exercises, and hymns went forward in almost the same order as in the great model school which Katie had visited with Lilian; but somehow it all seemed more home-like, and while listening to the quiet, earnest words of the class-teacher, she felt almost as though she was back at Squantown, with the old familiar faces and forms around her.

The church service followed immediately upon that of the Sunday-school. It was not so

showily conducted as that at Dr. Peabody's, and the audience was not half so finely dressed, but the sermon was even better, for, being simpler and suited to the taste and capacity of the audience, it was better adapted to a girl of Katie's age.

The text was, "Who, when he was reviled, reviled not again," the preacher dwelling with deep earnestness and pathos upon the example of the blessed Lord Jesus, the cruel injuries he received, his patience and his forgiveness. Then he went on to show how all who have been forgiven their sins for his sake are bound to follow in his steps, forgiving all the injuries they receive, which can never compare with what was heaped upon him, and striving to do good to them, even if some little self-sacrifice is encountered in doing so.

Katie quite understood the sermon, and felt its application to herself; that is, she saw how very different was her present and recent state of feeling and action to that of a Christian, as depicted by the preacher, — a state in which the constant sense of our own weakness and worthlessness, together with a remembrance of how

much we have ourselves been forgiven, will keep us humble at the feet of our Saviour, and ready to forgive all offences against ourselves. But seeing this is very different from feeling just as we ought to feel, and Katie was honest enough to know, when she thought of Bertie and the rest, that her sentiments towards them were not at all of the nature of forgiveness.

On their return from church, Helen showed Katie the beautiful conservatory, which was now full of flowers, and then took her into the picture-gallery, where Mr. Lorne soon joined them and explained some of the pictures, most of which were of a religious character, in a way to convey valuable impressions as well as to inculcate useful lessons.

"I will not apologize for giving you cold chicken for dinner," said Mrs. Lorne to Katie. "I like to have my cook go to church with the other girls, and by a little management she can do it. She cooks the meat and makes the dessert the day before, and, preparing the vegetables in the morning, has just time to cook them after church. We none of us miss a hot joint of meat when we feel that we are doing

our best to remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy."

Katie thought of the Sunday feasting at the grocer's, and felt how much better was this plain, simple dinner, which was prepared and eaten "to the glory of God," than the sensual indulgence which steals from him the sacred day and uses it selfishly for our own pleasure. It is needless to add that Katie Robertson saw no wine, either at this or at any other time, upon the Lornes' table.

The dinner-table conversation was very pleasant, turning upon topics suggested by the Sunday-school lesson or the sermon. Mr. Lorne told some facts about his crowded city mission district. His wife repeated some new items of missionary information. Helen talked of some moral question which had come up in the school classes during the week. Katie was skilfully included in the conversation, and by little, indefinable courtesies, made to feel that she was considered as an equal by every one of the family. About half an hour after the close of the meal Mr. Lorne left the room, and then Mrs. Lorne said, —

"I have always thought that every human being needs to be at times alone with God, and this, it seems to me, was one of His purposes in establishing his sacred day. We are all more or less hurried with our cares and duties of the week, and it is hard to secure time for self-examination and prayer. Even if we take it, our thoughts are apt to be full of the next duties which are pressing upon us, and we lack quietness of spirit. But on Sunday afternoon there is plenty of time, and there are no distractions; so I have always been in the habit of retiring to my own room on Sunday, immediately after dinner, and spending a few hours alone, so far as human companionship is concerned; and I believe Helen is finding much profit in following my example. You will excuse us if we leave you to your own devices. You will, of course, find plenty of occupation. At five o'clock Helen generally comes into my room to have her weekly talk about various matters that interest her. If you would like to join her I shall be very happy to see you."

"I should be delighted to come. Thank you for asking me," said Katie, as she, too, went up

stairs and sought her own room, where, finding a nice Bible had been provided for her, she sat down to her usual Sunday afternoon reading.

Our young Christian had a good deal to think of this afternoon. The past week had been a very eventful one to her, and its occurrences had disturbed the even tenor of her Christian life. Feelings and passions to which she had usually been a stranger had come into her heart and found lodgment there, and it was not so easy to pray or read her Bible as it used to be. She could not command her thoughts or her attention. Echoes of the music and the recitations, and memories of the words she had spoken and the applause she had received, called her attention away from the words she was reading or trying to say; and her resentful feeling towards Bertie, Sophronia, and their set, seemed to draw a cloud between her and the Saviour whom she had loved so long. It was with a saddened heart and a feeling of great discouragement that at five o'clock she joined Helen at the door of Mrs. Lorne's room.

It had been Helen's custom as long as she could remember to save up all the questions

which had interested or puzzled her during the week to talk over with her mother at this sweet, sacred Sabbath hour.

Her mother enjoyed her daughter's entire confidence, and perhaps Helen's uniform right thinking and right feeling arose largely from this habit of looking at everything in the light of her mother's superior wisdom and experience. She told this dear friend all about her friends, her lessons, her pleasures, everything which interested her and everything which perplexed her, and if she did not get a solution to all her difficulties, she did get entire sympathy and the application of high Christian principle to all the little and apparently unimportant details of her life.

To-day the mother and daughter talked a little while of some matters in which they alone were interested, but in a simple, familiar manner, calculated to put the visitor completely at her ease, and then Helen said, —

"Mamma, do you think distinctions in rank are right, — Christian, I mean?"

"They are inevitable, and everything that is inevitable *must* of necessity be right. A culti-

vated man and a savage cannot find any pleasure in each other's society; nor, one would think, could the bad and good enjoy associating together."

"I don't mean that exactly; but does it make any difference how much money we have, how we dress, or what our occupation is?"

"As to dress, decidedly no; as to money, there is this to say, — Those who have had it and used it wisely for several generations are apt to be better educated and more refined than those whose daily struggle for an existence takes all their time and strength, and prevents their reading and studying. But I don't see how the nature of a person's occupation can make the person either better or worse in itself. I have known poor seamstresses and even servants as thoroughly refined Christian ladies as any that I have met in society."

"Do you think it lowers or degrades a girl to work for money in a factory, for example?" said Katie, blushing. "Bertie Sanderson does, and is always talking about being made into a lady."

"That I don't agree with Bertie Sanderson

you may see by my permitting Helen to associate with you, dear. If a girl *is* a lady, nothing *honorable* that she can do will unmake her, since, of course, she will only seek her companionship among the virtuous and refined, and will make the most of such advantages as she has to improve herself. But even here, as everywhere else, the motive makes all the difference. To work in any capacity for our own support, or to help those dear to us or dependent upon us, is always noble and can injure no one. But suppose a girl wants more finery than her parents are able to give her, and goes into a mill in order to get it, leaving the duties in her own home, which God has given her to do. Would you call *that* noble?"

"That's just what Bertie Sanderson used to work for," said Katie. "She spent all her first earnings upon a silk dress which everybody said looked ridiculous."

Mrs. Lorne felt that she was beginning to touch the secret of Katie's unhappiness, and, in order to reach the bottom, she said quietly, —

"Do you *love* Bertie Sanderson?"

"Love her! O Mrs. Lorne, you don't know

all I have done for her! I took care of her when she had the ship fever and every one was afraid to come near her; and I forgave her a very great wrong she had done me, and ever since I have done everything for her I could, though she is n't at all the kind of girl I should have chosen for a friend."

"And no doubt you have felt yourself to be a very good girl in doing all this; but, Katie, the Bible says: 'Though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity (love) it shall profit me nothing.' Do you understand that? Do you *love* Bertie?"

"I used to, but she 's so ungrateful. She don't seem to care for me any more. She don't try to do as I tell her. She chooses girls who are rude to me for her friends; and — and only this week she was so unkind. You don't know what I heard!"

"Yes, I do. Helen overheard all that conversation, and it was because of the unkindness of those girls that she asked me to invite you here." Katie looked surprised, and gave her new friend a grateful glance. "Nevertheless, I know that you *ought* to love Bertie and the

others in spite of all. Think how ungrateful we have all been to the Saviour who has done and suffered so much for us, and how unfit we are to be his friends, and yet he loves us still, and says in his holy Word that he 'takes pleasure in us.'"

Katie dropped her eyes and looked a little abashed, but said, —

"How can we *make* ourselves love and forgive others?"

"By earnest prayer to him who has promised to help us in every time of need."

"Mrs. Lorne," said Katie, her eyes full of tears and her voice trembling with emotion, "it sounds dreadfully, but it 's true, — I *can't* pray any more as I used to. I don't feel as though there was any one to listen. I can't think of the words I say. I feel like a hypocrite. I sometimes think I never was a Christian, or, at any rate, that I am not one now, and I don't know what to do. Can you help me?"

"If you will let me speak very plainly, just as I would to Helen, I think I can. How long has this sad state of things lasted?"

"Oh, a long time — ever since I began to be so busy with my lessons, and in such a hurry, and so tired, but it's been a great deal worse this last week."

"Why have you been so hurried and tired? Helen is not."

"Helen is stronger than I am, and it comes easier to her to study."

"That is true. But have you any right to over-tax the body which God has given you to take care of for him?"

"I never thought of that," said Katie, with a look of surprise. "I wanted to get on just as fast as I could."

"Why?"

But no answer came, and Mrs. Lorne repeated the question, adding, —

"Your motive *ought* to have been in this, as in everything else, to please God. Is he pleased when we over-work ourselves?"

Katie could not answer. It seemed as though scales had fallen from her eyes; and, as she looked back over these months of school life, she saw that her ambition for study had not contained a thought of God's pleasure at all.

At best she had sought her own approbation or that of her teachers, but a very large part of her motives of late had been made up of a desire for being thought studious and talented, and the pleasure of gaining applause and approbation. What else had prompted her to write and deliver her poem and to perform her part in the entertainment? What else had made her for a few moments so deliriously happy at her success? She had not even once thanked God for it, nor had she asked his blessing once in studying her part or writing her poem.

"I think you begin to see the state of the case," said Mrs Lorne kindly. (Helen, at a signal from her mother, had long since left the room.) "When we let anything else except God occupy the altar of our hearts we cannot really pray to him. *Self* is the idol which most surely shuts him out of his temple. Self has a great many servants, called by the Bible 'little foxes which spoil the tender grapes.' This little fox is ambition. Shall we seek out and take another?"

"If you please," said Katie humbly, "are there many more?"

"I don't know; but something must have gnawed at your love for your companions. From what you said a little while ago, I should judge that you have considered yourself a very much better girl than most of them — more faithful, more honest, more forgiving, a better scholar, a better Christian. Is n't it so?" Katie nodded, and the lady went on. "And was not a large part of your anger against them due to the fact that, in spite of that superiority and the praise you had received for it, the girls said hard things against you? I will not say that they were not very unkind; but was not a part of what they said true? You *were* a little 'stuck up' and conceited about your poem and the entertainment and some other things, and the want of the same praise from them that you had received from other people made you indignant with them."

"I wish I had never heard of the entertainment," sobbed Katie.

"Well, I have my doubts about the propriety of this sort of thing, so common in our large schools. The teachers say it gives confidence to the pupils and develops their powers, but it

seems to me to be leading them directly into temptation. I would not be willing to have my Helen appear in one of these performances. I should be afraid of its weakening the unconscious simplicity with which I want her to do *everything* to the glory of God. But I will not blame the teachers. It may be of advantage to girls who are to become teachers in their turn. We can resist temptation anywhere, Katie, if we are humbly trusting in our Saviour to keep us. But you see you were not humble."

"Yes," said Katie, with a sigh. "Mrs. Lorne I am very sorry. What ought I to do?"

"Tell your dear Saviour so, remembering that his blood cleanseth from *all* sin,' that he is always more ready to receive us when we have wandered away from him than we are to come back. And comparing your advantages with those of your companions, in having a mother to teach you of holy things, and in being early called into the service of Christ, you will see that your slightest wanderings are more sinful for *you* than their sins towards you are for them; and being humble now you will find no difficulty in forgiving them. Then I think if

you go to work to do kind things for them, you will soon find yourself loving them, and not thinking of whether or not they are grateful to *you* and love you in return. If you should, you have only just to remember how our Saviour goes on loving the unthankful and the evil, and you will forget yourself in studying him. I think now we have caught all the foxes, and if my little Katie will only once more seek simply to *please God* in all she says and does, she will not get into such a dark place again."

She had spoken very seriously but very kindly, and now she bent down and kissed the sobbing girl, saying, "Tea will be ready in a few moments, but if you want to go to your room for a little while we will wait for you." Katie understood, and going to her room and throwing herself on her knees before her Saviour, told him all the sad story, finding no difficulty in commanding her attention now, and realizing for herself what our Saviour meant when he said, —

"Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest."

When the tea-bell summoned her to come down stairs she was so full of peace, joy, and

love to every human being that she could have embraced Bertie Sanderson and her whole set; and her kind entertainer, seeing the brightness of her face, silently thanked God for this opportunity of service for him.

CHAPTER XI.

BREAKING RULES.

KATIE ROBERTSON went back to her school duties on Monday morning in a very different frame of mind from that in which she had left them on Friday afternoon. They had taken on a new aspect when seen from a different plane of vision. Lessons which were interesting in themselves became doubly so when studied with a distinct purpose of pleasing her Saviour, and work did not seem to be half so fatiguing which was performed for this object; while her heart was so alive to the desire of serving him by serving others that she was ever on the watch for doing little kindnesses, and had Lilian come to her for help now, she would have found —

> "A heart at leisure from itself
> To soothe and sympathize."

When Bertie came to her room that night,

Katie said immediately, "I am sorry I was angry with you, Bertie. Let 's kiss and be friends again."

Bertie stared. She was under the impression that she was the offending party. She had thought that she had ought to apologize to Katie for her share in the conversation which she knew had been heard by its subject, although she had not been so much to blame as some of the other girls. But she had felt awkwardly about it ; and though she had really once or twice made the attempt, Katie, as we know, gave her no encouragement, refusing to answer when she spoke to her.

"I have been going wrong for some time," she continued, "and I am afraid you have found me cross and disagreeable ; but I mean to try and be better now. Can't I help you a little with your lessons ?"

Again Bertie looked astonished. She was touched by her companion's humility, but she did not know how to express her feelings, and so, being rather confused, she said nothing.

Poor Bertie was full of her own troubles by this time. She was completely involved in the

toils of Amelia Bascom, who had somehow managed to make of her a perfect slave. She knew she ought not to assist another girl to break rules and carry on a clandestine correspondence with boys, — a thing she would not have done on her own account for any consideration; but Amelia ruled her completely, and between threats of exposure for what she had already done, and promises of all sorts of pleasant times and good things in the future, she led her to commit herself more and more, and effectually sealed her mouth and prevented her seeking help and advice of any one, or even telling Katie, as she was often inclined to do.

She came very near doing so upon the present occasion, but the remembrance of her acted lie prevented her; for not only had she virtually denied to Amelia having worked in the paper-mill herself, but before all that crowd of girls she had allowed it to appear that she had not done so, although Katie had, thus adding meanness to untruth. The latter offence was bad enough, but she sincerely hoped that her room-mate would never find out the former. Then, too, she was sure that Amelia knew the exact state

of the case, and on any attempt to disobey or expose her would explain it, to the amusement of the girls and the indignation of Sophronia, who had sworn never to forgive her if through her means the terrible secret came to light.

And so the poor girl went on, carrying a burden which was becoming heavier day by day, and which she could not cast upon him who is able and willing to bear all our burdens, because at the bottom of it lay a lie, and he "desireth truth in the inward parts."

Amelia was carrying on her "fun" to the utmost possible extent. Scarcely a day passed but she sent Bertie with some message or note to the young gentleman, who considered his flirtation with "the Glenwood girl" an exceedingly manly thing, which added greatly to his importance among his companions. She had managed to send him a photograph of herself in return for one of his, which Bertie had brought her. The possession of this was alternately a triumph when she showed it to the other girls of her set, and a cause of torment lest it should be discovered by some of the teachers. Her photograph he would occasionally hold up in a

tantalizing manner, laying his hand on his heart and making all manner of ridiculous gestures, when, as was usually the case, the boarders encountered him upon their daily processional walk.

These walks began to make Bertie exceedingly nervous. Amelia always insisted upon walking with her, and, depending upon her secrecy, played the handkerchief game, made signs and gestures most unsuitable for the public streets, even kissing her hand to the young exquisite, who, in return, made the most extravagant signs of devotion. Only two very little girls walked behind Amelia and her companion, and they did not at all understand what was going on, but Bertie was constantly afraid that some of those in front would turn round; or, worse still, that the teacher, who walked in front with Katie or some one of the "good girls," would find out what was going on.

But this state of things could not go on forever. It was strange that Amelia, upon whom suspicion already rested, could have carried out her plans so long without being detected. It was only Bertie's connivance that enabled her to do so.

One morning the young gentleman held up to view a larger photograph than usual, and both girls saw, to their horror, that the artist had combined Amelia's picture with his own in a way possible to modern photography! Even Amelia turned pale with horror, and in answer to her frantic gestures he slid the picture into his pocket. In the afternoon Bertie was despatched to one of the usual places of rendezvous, — there were several, to avoid detection,— with an urgent note, insisting upon the giving up or the destruction of the picture, which, should it be discovered, would so compromise the writer.

"Tell your friend," said the young man, very coolly, putting the note into his pocket, "that I have been at very great trouble and expense in having that photograph made, and I certainly will not have it destroyed. I might, perhaps, give it into her own hands, but I will not give it to any messenger." ("I have two more copies," he added to himself.)

"But Amelia is not allowed to go out" said Bertie, "except with one of the teachers."

"Nonsense! She can get out if she likes; she

has done so several mornings, as you know. Teachers have no right to imprison young ladies, and if they make unjust rules, they must expect not to have them obeyed. At any rate I do not give my favors for nothing. Tell Miss Amelia that if she will meet me just round the corner at half-past seven to-night, I will give her the picture, but not else. I am sure she can manage it. You can help her, as you always do."

It is a proof that Bertie Sanderson was only a silly, easily-influenced girl, and neither a vain nor a bad one, that it never entered into her head to resent being treated merely as a messenger. It never occurred to her to expect the same kind of attentions that were bestowed upon Amelia, and her own innate dignity would have resented them had they been offered. In her heart she despised Amelia, even while compromising herself to carry out her companion's plans. As to the young exquisite, when one of his friends asked him why he did n't flirt with the girl who came to him instead of the one who did not, he shrugged his shoulders and said, "I prefer pretty girls to frights; besides

she is n't one of the kind." Bertie, having delivered her message just before tea-time, made great efforts to prevail upon her companion not to accede to the young man's request. It would be an exceedingly dangerous thing to do; involving as it did a direct disobedience to the general rule which forbade any one's going out after tea, and the particular one which prevented Amelia's doing so alone at any time. She represented how extremely difficult it would be either to get out or in, without detection, at a time when all the boarders were over at the Institute studying to-morrow's lessons, and only teachers and servants round.

"That 'll make it all the easier," said Amelia. "Miss Pauline (the French teacher) will be in her own room as usual. Miss Manton (the drawing teacher), you know, has several private pupils in hers,—girls who can't find time for their lessons in the day-time. Miss Perry never thinks about us when meal-times are over. Miss Thornton will be at the Institute with the girls, and the servants will be down taking their tea. I can manage it just as well as not if you 'll only help me a little bit. If you don't choose to I

know who will. I have plenty of friends. But I know what I know, and I don't care to go on keeping secrets for a girl who won't take just a little trouble for me."

"Why, you know, Amelia"—began Bertie deprecatingly,—

"Yes, I know, you 've carried a scrap of paper once in a while for me when you were going out anyway, and you 've done a little shopping for me because I 'm so unjustly shut up; but you 've been paid for it with candy and lots of things, to say nothing of your share of the fun. This is a real lark now, and I should think you 'd like to go in for it."

"Well, I would n't," said Bertie shortly, though knowing she should have to yield. "I 'm afraid."

"Afraid of what? of getting your own precious self into trouble? Never fear, Bertie; nobody 'll suspect the boys of admiring your ugly face. But I really did n't think you were so selfish. Just think of me! If that horrid picture gets into anybody's hands and they make a fuss and get hold of my notes, what do you suppose will become of me? If you cared anything about me, you 'd give me a chance to

get it back. I promise you I 'll never have anything more to do with the fellow when I do. I 'm half tired of him already."

"What do you want me to do?" said Bertie, relenting.

"Nothing in the world except to open and shut the door when no one is looking. That won't compromise you half as much as what you have done already." The two girls then, having rapidly planned operations, separated, Bertie going over as usual to the Institute to study, purposely, however, forgetting to take her geography.

Amelia went to Miss Thornton and said, with a very sweet face, "I don't feel very well this evening, my head aches a little. Will you please excuse me from the study hours, and let me go to my room? I learned some of my lessons in school to-day, and I think I can make up the others to-morrow."

The teacher looked at her searchingly, but could see nothing wrong, for girls do have headaches, and Amelia was as liable to have one as any one else, even if she was under suspicion. She gave the required permission, adding kindly, —

"Don't try to read or study, dear. Go right to bed and you will feel better in the morning."

"Yes, ma'am," said Amelia sweetly, and went up-stairs.

In about half an hour, that is a few moments before half-past seven, Bertie suddenly said,—

"I've forgotten my geography, Miss Thornton. May I run over to the house and get it?"

"Take mine," said Katie.

"Yours is the 'Higher,' mine's only the 'Intermediate.' May I go, Miss Thornton?"

The teacher nodded, saying, —

"Don't be so careless another time," adding, as she left the room, —"While you're over, go and ask how Miss Bascom's headache is."

"Yes, ma'am," said Bertie, and went.

It was still quite light this long spring day, and as she ran lightly through the garden she saw the well-known boyish form just outside of the bars. He motioned something with his mouth which she thought meant "Is she coming?" and she signalled back "Yes."

Entering the hall she found Amelia ready to go out, but having on her own hat and wrap.

"You will forgive me for borrowing, I am

sure," she said. "I thought it would be a little less awkward if anybody was to see me. Quick, now! bolt the door and watch. I'll give a low whistle outside, and if there's nobody within sight or hearing, open the door quickly. If there is any one you whistle back again and I'll wait. If there's danger of any one's coming out and finding me, whistle twice, and I'll hide."

So saying she cautiously slid back the bolt of the hall-door and turned the key; then quietly slipping out, ran down the steps, while her accomplice succeeded in closing and fastening the lock without having been perceived. She wondered, as she went up-stairs for her geography, the ostensible object of her trip to "the house," why it would be less "awkward" for Amelia to be caught in her hat and wrap rather than in her own, since all the girls were alike forbidden to go out of the house after tea. Events proved Amelia's reasoning good.

Bertie got her geography, noticing at the same time that Amelia had considerably deranged her closet and drawers in borrowing her things. She was not particularly tidy, — a

fact which often gave considerable trouble to Katie — and did not stop to put things in order, being, in truth, afraid to miss Amelia's whistle.

It had been arranged that the latter would be only a few moments absent, as she had only to go to the corner and recover the picture, and her accomplice waited anxiously for the signal, looking round carefully all the while to see that the coast was clear.

She waited five, ten, fifteen minutes, every nerve strained to its utmost. Then she heard a step on the stairs, and shrank back into the darkest corner of the hall while Mademoiselle Pauline passed down and went into Miss Perry's room, closing the door after her.

Bertie became anxious. At any moment the French teacher might come out again, and she be caught in the very act of opening the door. She listened again and again. No whistle came. She opened the door cautiously and looked out into the gathering night. No one was in sight. She closed it and waited again in an agony of impatience. At length the great clock in the hall struck eight, and not daring to remain from the study-room any longer, she ran across

the garden, and took her place with a very red face.

Several girls looked up curiously, and Miss Thornton said, —

"It took you a long time to find your geography, Miss Sanderson. Oh, I remember! you went to look after Miss Bascom, and, I suppose, forgot yourself talking to her. How is her head?"

"Better," muttered Bertie, with an intense sensation of relief at having got off so easily.

Amelia Bascom went down the steps with mingled feelings. The mystery of the thing was delightful in itself; the sense of a grown-up adventure of this sort still more so. Even the pleasure of going out alone for the first time in so many months was great; and it was greatly added to by the consciousness of successfully baffling the "dragons of teachers." She almost wished the excursion was to be a longer one, but of course she only intended to secure the photograph and at once return. If her conscience, which was not yet quite dead, gave her any uneasy suggestions, she took care to stifle them, and walked rapidly down the street.

She did not find the object of her search as near the corner as she expected. Indeed, he wanted to see, — and boast to his foolish companions, when he told the whole as a good joke on "a boarding-school girl," — how far she would follow him. When she did reach him about half way down the block, she exclaimed, almost breathlessly, —

"Give me the photograph, quickly. I must get back before I am missed."

"It is here," said he, taking out a handful of cards from his pocket. "Stay, I can't tell which it is in the dark. Come down there to that lighted window."

She followed him, saying as she did so, —

"I am seriously displeased with you for having it taken so."

"Are you, now? That's cruel. And yet I should n't have thought so; you put mine close to your heart," which had been one of Amelia's silly performances on one of the morning promenades.

"Oh, this is different. If it was to be found out, people would think I'd been with you to have it taken."

"I wish you had;" said he, "that would be such fun. I hope you will some time."

Amelia simpered and looked foolish, but she was really anxious to get back, and she said, —

"Please make haste and give me the picture."

"I wonder if I can have left it at home," he said, fumbling in his pocket. "Come in to this store," — leading her into the open door near which she stood, —"it's lighter, I can see better. By the by, who helped you to get out, and who's going to help you get in again?— your usual messenger?" Amelia nodded. "She can be trusted, can't she? She'll wait."

"I suppose so."

"Oh, then it's all right. I'll find it in a moment. Just sit down," — and he pushed her to a seat by one of the marble tables, saying grandly to a passing waiter, —

"Two ice-creams, please, vanilla and strawberry,— you like ice-cream, of course?"

"Yes, very much," said Amelia, "but —"

"Never mind the buts; that girl friend of yours is to be depended upon; you told me she was in one of your notes. She'll take care that nothing happens."

"Oh, those notes," said the girl, suddenly. "I hope you have torn them all up."

"Do you think I could destroy anything so precious? No, they are all here, close to my heart."

"Do, please, give them back to me, with the picture."

By this time the ice-cream had come, and he pushed one saucer towards her, commencing vigorously upon the other himself.

"I must go," said she, making one more effort, but he said, —

"Nonsense; it's ordered and it's got to be eaten. It won't take a minute, anyway."

And so many minutes slipped away. Amelia was fond of ice-cream; what school-girl is not? But she enjoyed infinitely more the consequence of being taken to an ice-cream saloon by a young man, and sitting there alone with him quite as if she were grown up. It would be something to tell the girls when she got home, about her doings at boarding-school. It proved that she was not a baby, in spite of her imprisonment by "the dragons."

Something of this she managed to impart to

her companion, even while attempting to appear quite grown up, and as if going to restaurants with young men in the evening was a common occurrence in her life, and he laughed merrily, and then produced the letters and the photograph, asking her how much she would give for them, showing her how cunningly the photographer had put the two pictures into one focus, and made it appear as though both had sat for them together.

Suddenly the City Hall clock struck eight, and Amelia, saying, "I cannot stop another moment," started up, and, quite forgetting letters and photographs, ran home as quickly as she could. Almost too much out of breath to do it, she gave the whistle agreed upon, but there was no response. Again she tried it, with the same result, and then began to wonder what she should do. Bertie had evidently not dared to wait any longer, and had left her to her fate. She was locked out, and any attempt at being admitted in the ordinary way would reveal her secret. For a few moments she was very much frightened, and would have given a great deal to be once more safely in her own room.

But by this time her late companion was by her side. He had only waited to pay for the ice-cream, and had then followed at a discreet distance to see the end of the fun. Coming up the steps now, he whispered, —

"Don't stand here making a noise. The girls will be going in from their study hour at nine, — I know all their ways. Then I will help you over the garden railing, and you can go in with them and no one will know. In the meanwhile, let 's go and take a walk."

It was a delightful plan, which promised to put an end to all embarrassments; for, of course, Bertie would not for her own sake tell any one that she was out, and she had no fear of being missed from her room, as she was supposed to have gone to bed, and had no room-mate. So she made the most of her opportunity, and greatly enjoyed her promenade along the lighted streets, looking into the brilliant windows and listening to and talking the nonsense which only sixteen and seventeen are competent to invent. Both agreed that they were having a delightful time, and that they would often repeat the pleasure. Amelia, in her enjoyment of this added

pleasure, quite got over her anger against Bertie for not having waited for her. And neither gave one other thought to the photograph or the letters.

At a few moments before nine, Amelia was carefully helped over the low iron railing of the Institute garden, and, standing in the shadow of the side door, joined the boarders when they passed out, handing Bertie her hat and sacque as she did so.

Bertie started and gave a look of surprise, but Amelia whispered, —

"I 'll tell you all about it to-morrow. Had a splendid time," and slipped unobserved to her room.

Miss Thornton stopped at the door a few moments afterwards, but seeing everything dark and hearing no sound, concluded that the "poor girl" was sleeping off her headache, and would not disturb her by going in.

"What made you wear your hat over to the Institute to-night?" said Katie, as Bertie threw her wraps upon the bed; "it was n't cold."

Bertie muttered something about "night air," and hurried her preparations for bed.

"What a muss you do keep your things in," said the orderly room-mate; then fearing she had seemed unkind or domineering, which she had determined not to be now, she added,— "Never mind; I suppose you turned them up in hunting for your geography and were in too much of a hurry to put them back, Here, I 'll help you," — which she did, and Bertie said never a word.

Katie went to bed at once that night. Since her talk with Mrs. Lorne she had not sat up late to study. She was trying to do all things "to the glory of God," and, as a part of the "all things," to take good care of the body which He had given her. So, although she would have dearly loved to go once more over the subject on which she was to pass an examination for promotion to-morrow, she resolutely closed her book, resolving to get up early in the morning instead; which, we may remark in passing, she did, and, finding she could accomplish twice as much in half an hour of morning freshness as in an hour of jaded weariness at night, made a practice of the same, and continued it till the examinations were over and the vacation had come.

Of course just before retiring she knelt for her evening prayer. She had more to say to her heavenly Father now than a few weeks ago and more pleasure in saying it, and before she had finished, Bertie was asleep. As she rose from her knees she was surprised to see her door open, and Miss Pauline put in her head. The teachers, of course, had a right to come into the rooms of their pupils at any hour of the day or night, and the possibility that they might do so proved in some cases a salutary restraint, but they rarely exercised the privilege, and Katie was somewhat surprised to see Miss Pauline.

"I came to see if your light was out," she said. "Where is Miss Sanderson? Oh! I see; all right," and she closed the door. Katie wondered why she asked for "Miss Sanderson," but soon lost her wonder in a dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER XII.

MADEMOISELLE PAULINE'S THEORY.

MADEMOISELLE PAULINE was not a favorite with the girls. A few of them liked her, and she made pets of a few, of which, strange to say, Amelia Bascom was one. She was thoroughly French in her nature and disposition, liking what was pretty and gay, and detesting what was ugly and ungraceful. She liked also a little bit of romance and intrigue, and had quite sympathized with Amelia, who, by the by, was her best French scholar, in the disgrace into which she had fallen at the close of the last year, and the consequent restrictions under which she was now placed. She did *not* like either Bertie or Katie, the former, because she was ugly and ungraceful, the latter, because her spiritual nature was above the plane of the lively French woman. Moreover Mademoiselle Pauline was of a very curious,

investigating nature, and the girls instinctively felt that if they had any secrets which they desired to have kept, they had better not let the French conversation-teacher get any clue to them.

On the evening, the events of which we have narrated so minutely, Mademoiselle Pauline sat at the window of her room, which happened to be in the front of the house, and saw to her surprise, some one, not a teacher, go down the front steps, walk rapidly along the street, and disappear around the corner. She could not see the face which was turned in the opposite direction, and in the gathering twilight she failed to notice the long, light curls, which unmistakably marked Amelia Bascom. But she did distinctly see the hat and wrap, and her French eye for dress at once told her that they were those with which she was familiar, as morning after morning they appeared upon the person of Bertie Sanderson. What could this ugly girl be wanting to break rules for? Surely no one would flirt with her. There must be some mystery. She could only be the emissary of some one else. She waited patiently some little time for the figure to return, and when it did not,

went quietly down stairs and tried the front door. To her surprise, it was locked and bolted. "Aha!" thought she; "that door could not fasten itself; nor could it have been fastened from the outside. There must be two of them — who is the other? No doubt the pious Miss Robertson. So much for *cant!* I always doubt those girls who set themselves up to be so much better than their companions. This must be looked into; we shall see." And so saying, she knocked at Miss Perry's door and went in, as we have seen, while Bertie stood hidden in the dark shadows.

Miss Perry, while she did not seem to concern herself with her boarders beyond supplying their temporal wants, was nevertheless a wide-awake woman, and greatly concerned for the reputation of her house as well as for her own reputation as a careful guardian. She listened attentively to Miss Pauline's story, and saw that something must be done at once; but she advised great caution, and that pains should be taken to come into full possession of the facts before any steps were taken. Even then great care must be exercised not to make the matter

so public as to compromise the boarding-house in the eyes of parents and the world. Miss Perry added that, after all, there might be some mistake. Bertie Sanderson, indeed, was one of those weak characters ready to be led by any one who will take the trouble to lead them, but Katie Robertson was a totally different kind of girl. She could hardly think of her in connection with anything but accurate scholarship and correct deportment. They must be very cautious how they acted.

Miss Pauline did not quite agree with her elder as to a girl's general character preventing her committing occasional acts of indiscretion, and the two conversed so long that it was quarter past eight before they were ready for action. By this time, as the reader knows, Bertie Sanderson had gone back to her studies, and Amelia, having whistled and waited for the door to open in vain, had gone off on her moonlight walk. Had the conversation been finished a few moments earlier, the door would have been opened, and the delinquent would have fallen into the arms of Miss Perry and Miss Pauline. A few moments later, a most unusual

thing happened. The French governess from "the house" dropped into the study-room at the Institute, and sat down to have a little chat with Miss Thornton. The latter, whose only duties during the study hours were those of general supervision, was on the whole rather glad of the diversion, and talked pleasantly in a low tone, her visitor showing her a little French poem, which she said she greatly admired.

"I do not like it," said the elder teacher, who was a perfect French scholar; "that line is not true, nor that sentiment."

"Oh!" said the French girl, shrugging her shoulders, "I did not say it was. No! it is not true, but is it not pretty?"

"I do not see beauty where there is no truth," said Miss Thornton. "I prefer truth to beauty, and even to mental brilliancy; but we have one pupil here who seems to me in a remarkable degree to combine all three. I think Katie Robertson will yet make her mark."

Miss Pauline looked across the room and acknowledged to herself that it was hard to connect any wrong-doing with the fair, graceful,

open-faced girl now studying so diligently. At the same moment she saw Bertie, who, to her surprise, was in her place and studying as assiduously as Katie herself, though her usual color was somewhat heightened.

"Do the girls never leave the room during study hours," said she. "I thought I heard some one rushing up-stairs a little while ago."

"Miss Sanderson went over for her geography, which she had carelessly forgotten."

"She was gone a long time, was she not?" asked the visitor, in a meaning tone.

"Yes, I believe she was; but as I had asked her to do an errand for me I did n't think much of it."

"Was your errand out of doors?"

"No, certainly not. The girls are never allowed to go in the street after tea, and I should not have thought of sending her. What do you mean?"

"I am not at liberty to explain; you will hear all about it some time. Good-night," and the visitor took her leave.

"She was not gone long, then," thought Miss Pauline. "As I supposed she was only a messen-

ger; but how did she get in? Katie Robertson has evidently not left her place. I must see the end of this mystery."

As a farther step to the solution she watched the girls as they came up-stairs, and was confirmed in her suspicions by seeing Bertie's hat and wrap, as since the warm spring weather had come it was not thought necessary to put on outside garments when crossing the narrow garden path to the Institute. In order still farther to satisfy herself, she looked in at the girls on her way to her own room, and was a little scandalized to find the culprit of her imagination on her knees. Her opinion, however, was not changed, and she considered this only a greater proof of duplicity.

At the close of breakfast the next morning, Miss Perry said, in her usual dignified manner, —

"Miss Robertson and Miss Sanderson need not join in the promenade to-day; I wish to speak to them in my room."

There was nothing very unusual in this. The girls were frequently called into Miss Perry's room to consult about their wardrobes, their

rooms, or some matter treated of in home letters. Scoldings were not common, at least from her, and no one could be frightened at such a summons; and yet, at this moment, almost every one felt that something unusual was about to happen. Bertie, who was a good deal of a coward, turned absolutely pale, while, had any one been observing Amelia, they would have seen that she was blushing to the roots of her hair, and making every effort to hide her confusion.

Katie looked up with a perfectly unembarrassed air, and said, "Certainly, Miss Perry; shall we come now, or will I have time to indorse and fold my composition."

"Come at once," and she led the way into her own room, where the two girls following her found Mademoiselle Pauline already seated.

"Young ladies," said Miss Perry, when the door was closed, "I do not want to make any scandal about this sad affair, or to disgrace you among your companions, so I have thought it best to call you privately and inform you that the whole of last night's proceedings are known

to us, and that it will be of no sort of use for you to deny them."

"What proceedings?" asked Katie in great astonishment.

"The encouragement you have given to a young gentleman who has been known to follow the young ladies in their morning walks for some time, and your culpable conduct in making an accomplice of your room-mate, even to sending her with some message to him last evening, and causing her to disobey the rule about going out after tea," said Miss Pauline.

She spoke in an assured manner. Having pieced together her evidence and formed her theory, which she was sure was the true one, she wished to startle her hearer into some sudden admission which would prove it to be so. But Katie looked up in genuine astonishment.

"I don't understand," she said. "I don't know any young gentleman here. I never sent Bertie anywhere, and I don't believe she went out last night at all."

"I did *not*," said Bertie emphatically.

"Young ladies," said Miss Perry, "denials

will not serve your purpose. Miss Pauline *saw* Miss Sanderson leave this house at half-past seven o'clock last night. She did not see her come back, but she ascertained from Miss Thornton that she had been absent from the study room a much longer time than was necessary to find her geography, and received further confirmation by seeing her carry up her hat and sacque, which were totally unnecessary to be worn in crossing the garden path this warm night."

Katie started as she remembered the hat and the disarranged drawers, but she said, —

"I know nothing about it."

The start of course told against her, and Miss Perry said coldly, —

"I am sorry, Miss Robertson, to be compelled to doubt your word."

"She is speaking the truth," said Bertie, eagerly. "She does not know anything about it."

"But you do," said Miss Pauline quickly. "Do you deny that I saw you leave the house?"

"Yes," said Bertie.

"How can you persist in such a falsehood?

I should know your hat anywhere. I tell you I saw you go down the steps and as far as the corner of the street."

"How could she get out and in again without being seen?" said Katie, after thinking a while. "Did you find the door open?"

"No, and that makes us sure that there were two in the case. How she got out and how she got in, you probably know. Bertie is not likely to get into a flirtation upon her own account. She must be some one's accomplice. That some one can only be you."

Miss Pauline was jumping at conclusions in the most unwarrantable manner. Miss Perry saw it, but would not reprove a teacher before her scholars, and she thought perhaps the real facts might be elicited, but they were not. Bertie persisted in denying that she had been out, but would say no more upon the subject. At the first accusation of Katie, her indignation and native generosity had prompted her to clear her friend at the expense of her tormentor, but a moment's thought showed her how completely she was in the latter's power. She could not clear herself by denouncing Amelia, for she had again and

again assisted the latter to break not only the rules of the school, but those of common etiquette, by letting herself be the medium of a clandestine correspondence, and on the very evening in question had given her assistance in a flagrant breach of rules by means of a carefully planned conspiracy. Should she expose Amelia all this would come out, and Amelia would tell the terrible secrets so long kept about her. It would be known that she was a factory girl, and had lied in saying she was not, and Sophronia would fulfil her threats, and Katie and all the rest would despise her. A brave girl might have faced all this for the sake of doing justice to one whom she really loved and respected as much as she did Katie. But Bertie was not brave, and her Christian principle, never very strong, was not nowadays strengthened by constant applications to the Source of all strength. She could not sacrifice herself, and, though she was sorry for Katie, she refused to say another word.

After waiting as long as she could, consistently with the rapidly approaching school hour, Miss Perry said gravely, —

"Well, young ladies, I had hoped that my

gentle and considerate way of dealing with you would have led to greater openness on your part, but it seems I was mistaken. I shall not punish a first offence of this kind very severely. Should a repetition occur you will be sent to your parents in disgrace. For the present, I shall simply treat you as I am accustomed to treat those who have forfeited their right to be trusted. You must not either of you again leave the school enclosure except in company with a teacher. Your companions will, of course, understand that there is some reason back of this prohibition, but you may do as you like about telling them what it is. I shall not say anything about the matter, and I request you, Mademoiselle, not to do so. I do not think it a good plan in a boarding-school to give matters of this sort more publicity than can be helped."

The two girls then went into school, and during prayer time found it hard to bring themselves to attend to what was going on. Katie was astonished, sorrowful, indignant, especially at having her word doubted. No one likes to be suspected of evil, or to be treated as guilty.

But she was conscious of complete innocence, and the charge brought against her was so foreign to her whole nature that she felt sure it would sooner or later be refuted. So she made the public prayer season an occasion for a little prayer of her own, in which she once more "committed her way unto the Lord," and rested in faith upon His power to "bring it to pass," and to bring forth her righteousness as the light, and her judgment as noonday. "Perhaps," she thought, "I have been so proud and thought so much of myself God has let this thing come upon me to make and keep me humble. I will try and bear it the best way that I can."

The deprivation, beyond its showing a want of trust, bore very lightly upon Katie. She had never cared to go out much, and now that the closing examinations were crowding so closely, she was glad of every extra moment she could secure for study. One or two things were hard. She could not see and comfort poor little Lilian, as she would have liked to do, and she was obliged to decline Mrs. Lorne's invitation to spend another happy Sunday with her, on Miss Perry's authority. Helen looked surprised when

the answer was given her, but was too well-bred to ask any more questions, and in the meantime saw as much of her new friend as she could in recess, and at the opening and close of school. She was becoming very fond of Katie, and wanted to make the most of her time before the vacation, now so close at hand. Among all the girls with whom she had been thrown during her school life, this was the first who could understand her own love to Christ and simple desire to please Him; and the talk of the two young girls was sometimes very sweet as they walked up and down the halls together. This friendship greatly improved Katie's position among the other girls, even those of Sophronia's "set." They were not magnanimous enough to ask her pardon for what they must have known she overheard, but a friend of Helen Lorne's could not be treated as too low in the social scale to be associated with. They began to see that she was very smart and pretty, and "nice," even if she had been a "factory girl," and one after another asked her to "walk," offered her delicacies at lunch-time, and included her in their conversation. Even Sophronia saw that

she would please Helen better by noticing Katie, and she often joined the two in their promenade, and listened patiently to talk about church, Sunday-school and Christian work. Katie was very forgiving. She accepted all overtures gracefully, feeling that the former state of affairs was partly her own fault. She resolutely put aside even her work when it interfered with social kindnesses, and, becoming better known and having more to love, the last weeks of her school year were very much happier than the earlier months had been.

CHAPTER XIII.

BUSY WEEKS.

BERTIE SANDERSON'S feelings as she too went into the chapel for prayers were of a very complicated nature. She was ashamed of her part in last night's frolic, and sorry that she had ever let herself get so entangled. She was afraid that her long course of duplicity would be brought to light, and at the same time indignant at being accused of a violation of rules, of which she had not really been guilty, — a charge of which she could not clear herself except by the confession of still greater guilt. Then, too, she really loved Katie, and all the better part of her nature revolted from allowing her to be suspected of a fault of which she knew her to be entirely innocent, when a word from her would instantly clear her. She seemed doomed to be always an injury to her friend, even now when she had

not the least intention of anything but kindness. By the time prayers were over, these better feelings prevailed, and she resolved to speak that word, at no matter what cost to herself, if she could only get Amelia's permission to do so. In order to obtain that permission she waited with great impatience for "recess," when she at once sought the latter and drew her into a quiet place behind some cases of birds.

Amelia had been carefully considering her own best course of action. Had she been sure that she had been seen and taken for Bertie Sanderson, she would have denied, even to the latter, all knowledge of the *escapade*, and, knowing that there was no evidence against her except the word of a school-girl of no more value than her own, have left her to her fate. But she could not be sure how much had been discovered or how much had been confessed during that mysterious interview in Miss Perry's room. It was necessary to find this out, and in order to do so she must for a little longer keep terms with Bertie. She was even sweeter and more demonstrative than usual as she commenced the conversation by saying, —

"You don't know what a splendid time I had last night; and it was not found out, after all. I was terribly scared, though, when I whistled and you didn't open the door. Why didn't you wait?"

"I couldn't, it was so late. Miss Thornton asked me what kept me so long, as it was."

"Well, it didn't matter. I had a great deal better time as it was;" and she told Bertie about the ice-cream and the walk, — a great condescension, by the by, that she would not have made if she had had any one else to whom she could have boasted of her grown-up doings. "I got in a great deal nicer way, too," she concluded, "and was never even suspected."

"Well, I was," said Bertie, "and what is worse, Katie Robertson was, and she has not an idea of it, as you know."

"Oh, how rich," said Amelia, with a merry laugh — "the sainted paragon suspected of a flirtation. How the girls will laugh at such a story about the transmuted factory girl."

"But you can't tell them the story without exposing yourself, and me, too."

Amelia saw this, and, although she would not

have minded the latter clause, she did not choose to risk herself.

"How fortunate it was," she said, "that I wore your hat and wrap. Miss Pauline's eyes are not so good as she thought they were. To think of your being taken for me! How ridiculous." There was a scornful inflection in these last words, under which even obtuse Bertie winced."

"I don't think it 's kind in you," she said, "to be glad that I am suspected and punished instead of you."

"Pshaw! what does the punishment amount to? It 's different for you than it would be for me, because it 's your first time. It 'll only last till the vacation, and when you come back it will all be forgotten. I should be expelled. And as to the suspicion, nobody accuses you of flirtation. You are only suspected of being a messenger for some one else."

"And that some one else is the best girl I know, and the kindest friend I have."

"Present company not excepted — thank you, Bertie!" said Amelia, with an air of great offence.

"You don't know how good Katie is," said Bertie eagerly, "nor how much she has forgiven me."

"I am not fond of saints. By the by I forgot you were one. I may be pardoned, though, all things considered, for not thinking of you as a church member."

Bertie turned scarlet, and beginning to feel the pressure of her chains, wavered a little in her resolution to clear Katie at all hazards. She said, however, rather faintly, —

"Amelia, you *must* let me tell Miss Perry and Mademoiselle Pauline that it is you, not Katie Robertson, that young man has been following. You see they know all about it."

"I shall not let you tell any such thing. Do you think I am going to get myself expelled? A little suspicion won't hurt your saint. That is the advantage of saintship. Miss Perry, as you see, means to keep it quiet. No one will know anything about it unless the French woman blabs, and then every one believes so fully in Katie Robertson that they won't believe her. Besides you *dare* not tell. It can be proved that before last night you went out constantly to

meet that young man, handed him papers, made new appointments to meet him, made him signs when we were walking, etc."

"But you did that."

"Who 's to prove it? It 's only your word against mine."

Bertie opened her eyes, and her companion continued, —

"Last night's doings will seem to every one the natural ending of all that 's gone before, and as Mademoiselle will continue to swear that she *saw* you go out, and saw you carry your hat and wrap in, and I shall know nothing about it, you will stand in a much worse position than you do now. I have a few words, too, to say, about a certain factory girl who tells lies, church-member though she is."

Bertie was completely overpowered. She turned all colors, and finally burst into tears. Then her companion, who saw that the victory was won, passed her arm caressingly around the poor girl's waist and said, —

"There, dearie, there 's nothing to cry about. All you 've got to do is just to hold your tongue and bear your terrible punishment (!) for three

weeks longer, till the term's over. When school opens again everybody will have forgotten all about the matter. Such things are always happening in boarding-schools, and I shall always remember what a faithful friend Bertie Sanderson was to me."

Recess was over by that time, and Amelia, giving her victim an enthusiastic kiss, ran away to her class-room as gaily as if she had been the most innocent, light-hearted young girl in the world.

"Katie," said Bertie, a few days after this, "do you think people ought to tell things which they have promised to keep secret?"

"Of course not."

"But suppose it would help some one else?"

"I cannot tell you that. You must decide for yourself, and God will help you if you ask him," she said in lower tones.

"I cannot pray any more," said Bertie, bursting into tears. "I 'm too wicked. God won't hear me any more. I don't know what will become of me."

"God is always ready to forgive us for the sake of Jesus."

"Yes, if we repent and confess our sins; but I can't confess and I don't know that I ought to. I must break my word or be mean, and injure other people either way. I don't know what to do, and I don't know how to find out."

"Bertie," said Katie earnestly but kindly, "did you or did you not go out that evening when you came over for your geography?"

"I did not," said her companion solemnly. "Did you think I did? I said No every time."

It is always hard for us to think that others doubt our word when we know we are telling the truth, even when their unbelief is based upon our former untruthfulness and is its natural punishment.

"Then I think I know just how it is. You need not answer if it would be telling. I'll tell you what I think, — not to be unkind, but to help you if I can. If you were not the girl who went out, it must have been some one else who wore your things, and you must have helped her. It could have been nobody but Amelia Bascom, who was not at the Institute during study hours. You must have opened the door to let her out, and fastened it when you came over for your

geography. Miss Pauline saw her, and of course supposed it was you. It must be Amelia, too, that this boy has been following all this time. I don't think you are that kind of girl, Bertie, but I am afraid you have helped her carry on her flirtation."

"It would n't be so bad," sobbed Bertie, "if they did n't suspect you. I don't know but that I ought to tell to save you."

"No," said her friend slowly, and not without a little struggle. "I don't want Amelia exposed and punished on my account. God will take care of me. I was suspected once before, you know, and it did not really hurt me." She did not mean to be unkind, but Bertie felt this allusion as an additional source of unhappiness. "I think Amelia ought to tell, and I don't believe you ever can be happy till your share is known, but I cannot decide how you are to manage about confessing for yourself and shielding her."

"I don't care about shielding her. I hate her."

Katie looked surprised.

"I thought you had got yourself into all this trouble just to please her," she said.

"It 's all through Sophronia and those girls. Sophronia did n't want them to know we were factory girls, and Amelia found it out, and I allowed that you were, but tried to make her think I was n't."

Katie wanted to say "How mean!" but she restrained herself. She only wanted to do her friend good now, not to resent her own wrongs.

Bertie went on, —

"I knew she did n't believe me, either, and I was always afraid it would come out, and so I kept on telling lies about it, and doing everything she wanted me to."

"Poor Bertie!" said her room-mate with real sympathy.

"So you see if I tell about her she will tell all about me. And the worst of all is I 'm a church-member. I wish I had never joined. I 'd better not have made any promises, for you see I could n't keep them."

"Then you 've been going wrong ever since you came to school," said Katie. "Don't think I want to preach, Bertie, but I am afraid it was because you gave up praying and reading the Bible. Jesus could have helped you to keep your promises, but you did n't ask him."

"I know you 're right," said Bertie, who was so far repentant as to acknowledge her sin, but not sufficiently so as to do the one thing she ought to do. "I don't know what is going to become of me. You see, I can't pray with all this on my conscience, and I can't get away from it. Must I give up being a Christian and be lost?"

Katie was not a very wise or a very experienced counsellor. She did not really see how to help her unhappy friend out of her difficulty without exposing Amelia, which her school-girl sense of honor made her feel it would be "mean" for her to do. She thought a moment, and then said what seemed very wide of the mark, but was really the best thing she could have said under the circumstances, —

"I don't think the dear Lord Jesus wants you to be lost, Bertie, when he did and suffered so much to save you."

Bertie said nothing, but the simple words were as seed sown. They took root in her heart, and, beginning to germinate and grow there, brought forth plentiful fruit in days to come. And indeed there can be no greater

encouragement to our continuing to walk patiently along the way to everlasting life, amid all the discouragements of our own repeated falls and failures than the thought that the Lord Jesus does not want us to fail of the salvation which he did and suffered so much to secure.

The remaining weeks of the term passed rapidly away, — every one was busy preparing for the various examinations with which the year closed, and which determined the standing of the pupils for that which was to come. As in all the higher classes, these were written instead of oral. They occupied a great deal of the school-time, and all the studying had to be done after the sessions. Katie Robertson now experienced the benefit of having studied everything so thoroughly as she went along. There was no necessity for her to sit up half the night to review a book with whose contents she was perfectly familiar, and thus she not only escaped the temptation to let her ambition again injure her health, but she had a little extra time to bestow upon her less fortunate, because less faithful, school-mates. Several of these laggards, one or two belonging to the "set" who had

spoken so unkindly of her under the stairs, owed the surprising fact of "passing" as high as seventy-five per cent (the lowest percentage at which promotion was possible) to the "stuck-up factory girl's" kind assistance in the busy days preceding the examinations, which were always especially severe at the close of the year, when the greatest number of promotions were made. To Bertie she devoted a great deal of time and attention, inducing her sleepy companion to rise an hour earlier in the morning, and endeavor to make up for some of her lost time. But Bertie was in too wretched a state of mind to do even her own not very brilliant self justice. She felt a little easier, since her confession to Katie had relieved her of a sense of treachery to her, but she was haunted by a constant expectation of public exposure and punishment; and, worse still, by the upbraidings of an aroused conscience, which she was not yet ready to obey. There is this difference between those who, having once known their Saviour, fall under the power of temptation, and those who have never known him at all. The latter may for a long while go on in their light, easy, careless way,

enjoying in a sense everything that comes along, and untroubled as yet by any consciousness of guilt; but to the former, God never leaves himself without a witness in the constant sense of self-condemnation which they experience, and the loss of sweet, happy communion with him. This was the difference now between gay, laughing Amelia, and sad, heavy Bertie. Thank God that he thus "keeps that which we have committed to him," even when we wilfully struggle to take it away. So long as we are thus unhappy under the pressure of our sin, we may be sure God's Spirit has not forsaken us. He will not spare us, but *will* make us more and more unhappy till we return unto him for forgiveness and healing. But how much happier and better for us did we always keep close to him in the sweet paths of obedience and holiness. Bertie Sanderson had not yet returned to him, for she was afraid to make open confession of her sin, and did not dare to pray until she had done so.

Neither did she dare to break off entirely from those companions who had led her so far astray, as in heart she felt she ought to do. She

was still in bondage to Amelia and afraid of her revelations to her cousin, who might in her turn betray her to her father, and she knew his stern Scotch rectitude would greatly resent having his child found out in a lie. Nor was Amelia quite willing to lose her hold upon her pliant tool till the term was closed, at any rate. She did not know what effect Katie's influence might have upon her in inducing her to confess her own share in the affair, — a thing which could not be done without involving her also. Katie must be anxious to exonerate herself, and would probably do all that she could to influence her room-mate.

So there were some more of those whispered conversations in the hall, which Bertie began to loathe, made up of alternate flattery and threats, of mysterious promises of future good times, and of gifts of sweet things and finery, which one of the boarders was now commissioned to procure. And so Bertie lost more of those precious moments, so doubly precious at this especial juncture, and so, while "passing" in a few studies, she failed in her examination as a whole, and was condemned to commence the next year

almost as low down in the school as she had entered it. Amelia failed also, but the consequences gave her no concern. All she cared for was to "have a good time," and that, according to her definition, was as attainable in one part of the school as in another.

Katie Robertson passed her examinations at ninety-nine per cent, thus proving to herself that she had lost nothing during the last term by "seeking first the kingdom of God," in obeying the physical rules of his government. She had, thus, — a thing almost unparalleled in the school, — passed through the four academic departments in one year, and was ready to commence the next year as a "junior," Helen Lorne being only one class ahead of her.

Katie and Helen had seen little of each other during those closing weeks. The time of both was well filled up. The examinations often continued all through recess, and, as we know, Katie was not allowed to go out to visit her friend. Helen never asked the reason for this prohibition, and Katie did not volunteer it. She could not have cleared herself except by telling the story as she understood it; and to do that was

to expose others. Helen passed her examinations as brilliantly as ever, and with apparently as little strain upon either her mental or bodily powers. She was grateful for her own success, and rejoiced more over Katie's promotion than her own. Sophronia was not promoted, and thus she and the "factory girl" were placed on the same level.

All of our young friends were saved from the temptations of public display by having no part in the "closing exercises" of the school. These were all given up to the "collegiates," — the junior and middle classes having one day devoted to them, the "seniors" delivering their essays and valedictory on Commencement night, on which occasion they also received their diplomas and were "graduated." The boarders, of course, were present on all these occasions, as well as all the members of the older classes. The chapel would not accommodate the whole school; and many a girl carried away her first incentive to real earnest study, arising from her desire to stand one day among those "girl graduates," and win the highest honor within the gift of their Alma Mater.

CHAPTER XIV.

CLEARED.

LL this time no further development had taken place concerning the mysterious girl who had gone down the steps that spring evening, and had returned, no one knew how, and Katie almost began to feel that she must go away with this cloud upon her reputation, which, although it was known to only three of her teachers, — Miss Thornton, as living in the house, and having the chief care of the boarders out of school, of course, was obliged to be informed, — was still a cloud, and while it rested there she could not bear to think of returning to the boarding-house.

Miss Perry had her own suspicions, but as she had no means of verifying them, like a wise woman she kept them to herself. Miss Thornton positively refused to believe any evil about Katie, but Mademoiselle Pauline urged that a

public example ought to be made of the two girls, to prevent future repetitions of similar offences. In fact she did not think that her carefully ferreted out mystery and ingeniously constructed theory had received the attention its importance demanded, nor had her sagacity and watchfulness gained the amount of praise it deserved.

In vain she waited and watched for farther developments. Amelia, now that Bertie could no longer be her messenger, had managed to warn her companion of the moonlight walk that it was not safe for him to follow or communicate with her, and he, having had out his "fun with the school-girl" gave up the pursuit and was seen no more upon the morning line of march or around the Institute.

"She was a smart one," thought he, "to get those letters and that photograph away from me. I might have teased her royally if I had kept them."

He was not at first so sure about Amelia's having secured the letters or the picture. He fancied he remembered seeing her lay them all down on the marble table when the ice-cream

was brought, and that neither had thought of them again in the hurry of leaving when the clock struck. But when he went back, after helping his fair companion over the fence, and looked carefully for them, they were nowhere to be seen. A passing waiter whom he questioned knew nothing about them, and he came to the conclusion that she had secured them after all.

As to Amelia she supposed he still had the letters and the picture, and was at first a little worried as to the use he might make of them, but as he no longer haunted the morning walk of the girls, she finally concluded that there was nothing to fear in that quarter.

It was the morning after "Commencement." All was bustle and hurry at the boarding-house. Some of the trunks had been packed the day before, and their owners had left for home in the earliest morning trains. Some were now engaged in clearing out drawers and dismantling rooms which had been homes for the past ten months. Parents and friends were constantly arriving and carrying away the young ladies. Farewells were being spoken and some tears

were shed. There were some who went forth from these rooms school-girls no longer. Life, with its solemn cares and responsibilities, lay before them, and they would be missed when their companions gathered again for study and for recreation. The "breaking-up" day of a girls' boarding-school is always a day of mingled smiles and tears.

Katie Robertson and Bertie Sanderson were to set out for home in the afternoon train. Mr. Sanderson, who had come to the city to procure some supplies for the Squantown Paper Mill, was to be their escort, and was to come for them in time for the train. Bertie was a little afraid to meet him, for she knew he would greatly feel her failure to be promoted. Both girls were busily engaged in packing their trunks, when a message came, requesting them to step for a moment to Miss Perry's room.

On entering, that lady, who held in her hand a curious looking photograph and a little bundle of letters, said, —

"Miss Robertson, allow me to ask your pardon for my suspicions and also for the slight deprivation I was compelled to make in consid-

eration of certain unexplained circumstances. These letters, signed by the writer, which I have read, and this silly photograph, have sufficiently proved that you had no part whatever in the matter. And," she continued with great cordiality, "I never really supposed you had. I had a shrewd suspicion from the first as to who was the real culprit. But, Miss Sanderson," she said looking more sternly at Bertie, "will you please to explain your connection with this affair."

She waited a moment, and then, as the girl hesitated, said, —

"Speak the truth. Miss Amelia Bascom, who has been sent away in disgrace, never to be again admitted in this institution, has told the whole story, and you may be sure she has not spared you."

To Bertie it was a positive relief to make a full confession, which she did, not omitting a single point of her various acts of untruthfulness since she entered the school. Her account was fuller than Amelia's had been, and, while not in the least sparing herself, she made it so clearly appear that she was only the weak tool

of her more designing companion, that at its close Miss Perry said, —

"I believe you are telling me the truth now, and as this is the first offence I shall not make your punishment as heavy as it might have been."

"You won't expel me?"

"No! but I must tell your father and leave it to him to decide if he will again expose his daughter to the temptations of a boarding-school."

"Did you know anything of the true state of the case, Miss Robertson," said Miss Perry, looking a little curiously at Katie.

"Not when it happened, but I guessed it soon after."

"And never said a word to any of us? Why, it would have saved you from both suspicion and punishment."

"Yes, but it would have exposed both Amelia and Bertie, and I didn't want to do that. I knew the Lord would take care of me, and he has."

Miss Perry looked at her curiously. She called herself a Christian, but she knew nothing

of this practical living upon Christian thoughts and Christian hopes.

"Will you please tell Miss Thornton and Mademoiselle Pauline?" said Katie. "I would like them to know."

"We have all known it for a week. Miss Thornton from the first would believe nothing against you; Miss Pauline has left, not to return. Her place will be supplied by an older, more experienced person."

If the reader is curious to know how the letters and photograph reached Miss Perry, it is enough to say that another restaurant waiter picked them up and carried them to the desk, and that the proprietor, thinking something must be wrong, waited till he assured himself by watching the daily morning procession, that the face on the photograph was that of one of the young ladies, and then, calling upon Miss Perry, surrendered the whole package into her hands.

Why she kept Katie's vindication and Amelia's punishment a secret for a whole week, indeed until most of the other boarders were gone, is her own concern, and of a piece with the rest of her management, which was to give

as little publicity as possible to everything concerning the government of the boarders.

To describe Katie Robertson's happiness at being thus completely cleared from suspicion, and Bertie's relief at no longer having to carry round a guilty secret, would be to tell the whole story of the long day's travel which carried the girls to their country home.

Every time that we trust our cause fully in the Lord's hands and find in return that he is well worthy of our trust, not only strengthens our faith, but also greatly endears him to our hearts, and Katie's heart was full of love to her Saviour that day, — so full that there seemed to be an added brightness to the sunshine, a richer green to the foliage, and a deeper blue to the water and sky, as the cars whirled her along. She had many causes for both joy and thankfulness. The school year, with its heavy strain of work, was over. She had succeeded to the utmost of her ambition. She had made valuable acquisitions of knowledge, which is both enjoyment and power. The record left behind her was without a flaw. Her kind uncle would be fully satisfied with the result of his generosity. Her

mother would be delighted not only with her success, but also to have her little girl once more with her. She was going home to rest among familiar scenes, familiar faces and loving hearts. Her holiday was all the more welcome because hardly earned, and the lassitude and fatigue of the past weeks of strain and excitement made the coming period of rest the more delightful by way of contrast. It is only those who have worked long and faithfully who can really enjoy a holiday. On this bright summer day Katie Robertson ought to have been, and was, a very happy girl.

There was one sad spot in her heart, however, and that was her sorrow for Bertie. Poor Bertie! it was not a happy home-going for her. Mr. Sanderson, who, though a good, upright man, and really very fond of his children, was still a very stern one, and his mortification, both at his daughter's failure to pass the examinations and secure her promotion, and also at the disgrace in which she left the boarding-house, was very great.

He was disappointed as well as mortified. It had been a hard strain for him, with his moder-

ate income and growing family expenses, in compliance with his sister-in-law's suggestions and her own earnest solicitations, to send his daughter to a fashionable school. He had hoped, however, that the advantages would equal the sacrifice, and that she would, by attaining a higher education, be enabled to secure for the future better and more lucrative employment than she was now fit for. This he now saw was not likely to be the case unless she could be induced to study more diligently than results showed her to have done.

But even more than this, he felt the disgrace of the affair into which Bertie's weakness and idleness had led her. He had been informed by Miss Perry of the exact facts of the case, and that good-natured lady had not failed to point out the difference between being an accomplice and the principal in a boarding-school flirtation. But in his true and honest eyes, the deceit of which she had been guilty was dishonor enough, and he was so thoroughly incensed with his daughter that he refused to speak to her at all during the journey.

But even this punishment, hard as it was to

bear, was light compared with the reproaches of the girl's own conscience. She was free from the sense of continued wrong-doing and of concealment, and that in itself was a great relief; but she, too, was disappointed. She had really meant to be a good girl when she went to school, and to make the most of her advantages; but somehow she had entirely failed in doing so, and there was no chance of "making up." The wasted hours could never come back again. Worse still, she had meant to be a Christian and to honor her profession on that bright September Sunday, when she came forward with the rest of her class to give herself publicly to the Lord; and as she thought of the bright hopes of that day and how she had failed in them, she was almost too much discouraged ever to try again. But as she sat in melancholy silence looking out of the window, or listening without interest to Katie's happy talk, there came the memory of those words of the latter, —

"I don't think the dear Lord wants you to be lost, when he did and suffered so much to save you."

He did not want her to be lost, then certainly he did not want her to be wicked if she was weak. He would keep her from evil, and help her to resist temptation, and fulfil her promises if she would only keep close to him. There had been her first failure. She saw it now, and knew that her only hope lay in getting back to Him, and yet it somehow seemed as though she could not do it; she had wandered too far to return. Thus it is, when the tempter sees us willing to come to Christ, that he always tries to persuade us that we are too bad to come.

"Katie," said Bertie suddenly, towards the close of that long day, "do you think the Lord Jesus would receive me if I was to come to him again? I 'm afraid I 'm too wicked. But I do love him, and I see that I cannot keep myself straight unless he keeps me. I want to let him."

"I am sure he will receive you; does n't he say, 'Come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden,' no matter what the cause is? Did n't he come to 'save sinners?' See here, Bertie," and she took out the Bible which was in her travelling-bag, and turned to the words, 'Return unto me and I will return unto you.'

Come back to him, dear, and never again stray away."

"I will never again neglect my prayers, if that is what you mean. That was the beginning of all the trouble."

"Yes," said Katie, with less tone of superiority than she would have used two months ago. "We can't do without prayer, and even then we sometimes go astray. You will come to Jesus, now, won't you, Bertie, as you did at first, you know?"

"Just as soon as I get home," said Bertie.

"No, now. He is here, you know, and you might n't live to get home."

Her companion understood, and, leaning her head on the top of the car-seat in front of her, closed her eyes. She did not notice the scenery or the gathering darkness much after that. To her the dingy railroad car was sweet with the sense of renewed consecration, forgiveness, and presence of God.

CHAPTER XV.

VACATION AND RE-OPENING.

IT is not the purpose of this story to describe Katie's vacation. Those who have read "KATIE ROBERTSON," know all about Squantown, its paper-mill, its Sunday-school, and its church. They are acquainted with Mrs. Robertson and her boarders; with Miss Eunice and her sisters, and "Mr. James."

They may be sure that, while the mother's heart beat the most warmly at receiving back her only daughter and most dearly-loved child, Gretchen was very glad in her stolid German fashion, and Tessa became quite Italian again in her manifestations of delight.

All thought Katie looked both paler and thinner than when she went away, but all saw also the indescribable improvement in refinement and culture, and but for her exceeding sweetness and humility, the girls of Squantown, like

those of Glenwood, might have found the returned boarding-school girl "stuck-up."

Katie, however, remembered her lesson, and feeling always that it was God who made her to differ, where she did differ from her companions in anything concerning appearance, capacity, or opportunity, she was very thankful to him, and shared her good things, so far as was possible, with others.

Her mother was very anxious about her daughter's health, and insisted upon her being in the open air as much as possible, declining her assistance in household matters where Katie would have been glad to render it, and utterly forbidding any study or work. Thus she was free to do as she pleased with her time — a luxury she had not enjoyed for several years — and she improved her liberty by frequent visits to the mill, where she was as sociable with the girls as though she was still among the number, joining them on their homeward walks, lending them books, telling them about school, and sometimes bringing them nice little lunches of her own or her mother's preparation.

She threw herself enthusiastically into the in-

terests of the "Do-Good Society," which had somewhat languished during her absence, and greatly interested the children in accounts of things seen, done, and heard of in the city. But the greatest happiness of all was to take her old place in the Sunday-school class, and to join both Miss Etta's and Miss Eunice's classes, which still met once a week for charitable work and social religious conversation. She had missed this latter means of grace very much in her busy school life. Only once during those long ten months — that blessed Sunday afternoon at Mrs. Lorne's — had she enjoyed the advantage of the counsel of any older Christian. And now she came to the great house by Miss Eunice's special invitation a good many mornings, and, explaining her school difficulties, and asking questions concerning many things which had perplexed her, she got many things straightened out in her mind. Her religious feelings received the fresh impulse which loving conversation upon spiritual things always gives, and she buckled on her armor anew to fight with temptation and against the wiles of the devil. And, in her turn, the watchful teacher was glad and

thankful to see how carefully her heavenly Shepherd had watched this lamb, sent out into the great world's temptations, and how, in the absence of other teachers, he had caused her to grow in grace herself.

Alfred's school term did not close till about three weeks after Katie's, and when he came home Uncle Alfred came with him for a short summer visit.

He was very much gratified at Katie's advancement, and promised to send her to school for two years longer, at the end of which time she would graduate and be fitted for any good situation that should offer, and able to secure an honorable independence.

He offered to take her a little trip in the mountains as a holiday pleasure, but she begged so hard that her mother might go instead, while she attended to the housekeeping, that he consented, and poor, tired Mrs. Robertson came back at the end of a week looking ten years younger than she did when she went away, while Katie said a week of housekeeping was a great relief after so many months of nothing but study.

After that there was again the bustle and hurry of getting ready, and, all too soon, the vacation hours were over, and our school-girl found herself back at Glenwood.

Bertha Sanderson did not accompany her. The point had been undecided for some time, even after Mr. Sanderson had, at her repeated and humble request, forgiven his daughter. She had for some weeks proved her sincerity, and he believed her and took her into favor. Nevertheless, the sensible Scotchman thought long and shrewdly about the propriety of continuing an investment which produced such small returns. It was clear that Bertie would never be a "lady" in her mother's and aunt's sense of the word. Nor did she appear likely to become enough of a scholar to support herself as a teacher, and, besides, in spite of her repentance and present earnest purpose to do right she had proved herself so weak in the presence of temptation, that there was no knowing to what lengths she might go in any new combination into which she might be thrown.

On the other hand, he did not quite like to put her back into the mill. It might seem to

her own and her mother's foolish way of looking at things somewhat of a degradation, and she had never shown herself a sufficiently good work-woman to warrant the expectation of much advancement.

He determined to leave it to herself, and if he found her mind much set upon returning to school, to try the experiment for one year more, and see what would come of it.

But his difficulties were solved by Bertie herself when, a few weeks before the close of the vacation, he spoke to her upon the matter. She quite agreed with him.

"Father," she said, "it 's of no use for me to go to school any more. I *can't* study as Katie Robertson does; it is n't in me. Besides, I 'm not good enough to be trusted away from home. I don't trust myself. I 'd rather stay at home and learn to be good here."

"But what will you do with yourself, my dear?" said her father, quite touched with her humility.

"Have n't you noticed how pale and tired mother usually looks? I don't think she is at all well. Let me stay and help her with the

house and the children. Nina can go to school here in Squantown till she learns enough to go to boarding-school. Maybe she 'll be a better girl and a brighter scholar than I have been. And, father, I wish you 'd make mother go and make Aunt Cleveland a long visit. I am sure it will do her good. I can manage the house nicely, you see if I don't. It won't cost a bit more than my journey to school would, and I shan't want any new things for ever so long. Please, father, do as I say."

And her father consented, and Mrs. Sanderson went to the city and made a long visit, taking Nina, who thus had a chance of becoming acquainted with her cousins, especially Lilian, who was about two years older than herself, and to whom she became so warmly attached that it was finally arranged to leave her with her aunt and let her attend Glenwood Institute as a day-scholar. There was more room at the grocer's for an extra girl now, as, during the vacation, Augusta was married and went directly to a home of her own. Sophronia, now the young lady of the house, at once took possession of her sister's vacated room, and little Nina slept with Lilian.

Mrs. Sanderson came back to Squantown, if not a wiser woman, at least a more rested one, and she and her eldest daughter settled down to do the cooking and washing, and making and mending for Mr. Sanderson and the little ones, Bertie giving her spare time to reviewing some of her studies, to the Sunday-school, the "Do-Good Society," and the community in general. She quite lost her old air of attempted gentility, and, though always a very plain girl, became a nice, respectable-looking one, much more lady-like in the eyes of people of sense than either her cousins Augusta or Sophronia.

"Katie," she said, as she bade her old room-mate good-by, "pray for me sometimes. I have n't forgotten to pray for myself once since I came home, morning or night, and I don't mean to. I am getting so fond of it now that I don't see how I ever could forget."

And so it happened that Katie Robertson went back to school alone, and that for the first few weeks she was without a room-mate, — a privilege which, for a time, she valued very much; for as she now had plenty of friends among both day-scholars and boarders, she was

glad of the quiet time in her room for study, or reading, or prayer. She had resolved not to squander her strength so recklessly as she had done at the commencement of the preceding year, and she was glad of every moment which could be legitimately used for study.

There were some changes at Glenwood, both among the boarders and in the Institute. Mademoiselle Pauline had disappeared from the former, and in her place was a quiet, sweet-looking French widow lady, — one who had brought up daughters of her own, and both understood and sympathized with girls. Madame Brunot was also a sincere, earnest, Protestant Christian, of which there are a great many in France, notwithstanding the prevalence of those of the Mademoiselle Pauline type. There are those who care more for true things than for pretty ones, and who are anxious to glorify God and build up his kingdom wherever they may be. Of course such a woman could not be placed in a house with fifty girls without deeply feeling her responsibility towards them. She commenced by winning their confidence, and was soon much more popular with all of them, except a certain

set, than Mademoiselle Pauline ever had been. As a further step, she offered to relieve Miss Perry of her Sunday afternoon Bible-class, which that lady very gladly resigned into her hands, and from that time the dreaded formal service became one of the most popular institutions of Glenwood, no one ever feigning a headache as an excuse for staying away from it. Even the worldly girls who had no interest in religious things, as such, enjoyed Madame's bright and sparkling way of explaining and illustrating, and found the hour a pleasant break in the monotony of their dull, home-sick Sundays.

Thus Katie's new year opened with pleasanter prospects and under more promising auspices than that which had preceded it, and even better things were in store, which will all be recorded in their proper place.

Lilian Cleveland came back to school at the opening of the new year. She had not, of course, been promoted, as her illness had prevented her studying for the examinations, and she was therefore farther than ever from Katie, who was now a dignified Junior. Whether it was this, or whether it is that things never re-

produce themselves, and circumstances are never twice exactly the same, she did not again seek to attach herself exclusively to Katie or seek to learn from her that important secret which had once trembled on her lips. She devoted herself to Nina, walking with her at recess and helping her with her lessons, which were not, after all, very difficult; for the little girl, who had never applied herself to study at all, and whose accomplishments were covered by reading, writing, and doing examples as far as "short division," was placed, on entering, almost at the bottom of the school.

Lilian had recovered from her illness, though she was still far from strong. She was a strange-looking girl, with large dark eyes and fair hair, and would have been quite pretty but for the sad, heavy, fretful expression, which since her illness had changed into a look of hungry unhappiness. Sophronia did not notice Katie at all till some weeks after school commenced. She was very important in her position of eldest daughter at home, and not a little jealous of the factory girl's promotion in one year into the collegiate department. But

early in October, when Helen Lorne came back from the country, and showed symptoms of being as intimate with Katie as ever, Sophronia also became gracious, and as she could not have the company of one girl without the other, she very condescendingly attached herself to both, even so far as to invite both to dinner with her some Sunday — an invitation which was at once and promptly declined.

But Katie did not decline an invitation brought her by Helen to spend another Sunday with her before the bright leaves had paled, or October's glory faded into November's gloom.

"Mamma especially wants you to come to-morrow," Helen said, in giving her mother's invitation, "because, — well, that is a secret which I can't tell you just yet, but you shall know in due time, and I 'm sure you will be surprised."

If the park had looked lovely when Katie Robertson first saw it that day in early spring, it was absolutely gorgeous in its fall garments of crimson, russet, and gold. The visitor could not restrain her exclamations of delight as the carriage drove by the pond with its drooping fringe of scarlet woodbine, and her eye caught

the variegated masses of color contrasting with the rich turf, still of an emerald green. The frost, always lovingly considerate of city gardens, had not yet blackened the bright geraniums and many-colored coleus of the flower-beds in front of Helen's beautiful home, and the vines which draped the veranda seemed to blaze in the afternoon sunlight.

Although not actually frosty, the evening was cool, and a bright little wood fire, which burned in the brass library grate, seemed to Katie to give the prettiest imaginable welcome; and as she and her entertainers sat in front of it, she enjoyed the pleasantest little chat concerning the summer rambles of her friends, interspersed with stories of Squantown and her own home doings.

Then came the sweet, quiet Sunday, with its hallowed employments and enjoyments, and at its close Katie found herself again sitting with Helen Lorne in her mother's room. Here, as before, the talk was familiar though earnest, and the visitor told her kind friends why she had not accepted their second invitation in the spring. She told the circumstances fully and

truthfully, throwing as little blame as she could upon Amelia Bascom, and excusing Bertie as far as possible, upon the ground of her being so easily led astray.

Mrs. Lorne saw that her lessons of a previous day had been heeded, and that no evil feeling towards Bertie remained in her friend's mind. She saw, too, that Katie had behaved remarkably well in the trying circumstances in which she had been placed; and while careful not again to throw a temptation to vanity and self-sufficiency in the way of the girl in whom she was so much interested, she testified her approbation, and congratulated her upon having been so helped by the Lord. Then the conversation turned upon other points, and Katie, remembering her puzzle at the grocer's last year, asked Mrs. Lorne what she thought about Sunday music and Sunday amusements.

"Suppose we ask Mr. Lorne about that after service this evening, dear. He has thought a great deal about the question, and can answer you better and more fully than I can."

The evening service in the suburban church was a very pleasant one, or would have been

but for the sense of loneliness caused by so many empty seats. Strangely enough, it has become the fashion in cities for the majority of the congregation to stay away from the second church-service, to the great discouragement of the pastor and the faithful few who make it a point to be always present when he is. Mr. Lorne was one of these, and it was rarely the case that his own seat or those of any one of his family were vacant on Sunday night. There was also a goodly proportion of the "common people," who of old, it is said, "heard him (Jesus) gladly." Many of these being occupied during the earlier part of the day, found it more convenient to get to church on Sunday nights. The sermon was very simple and earnest, and it seemed strange that so many should not take the trouble to come and hear it.

"Katie wants to know our opinion about Sunday amusements," said Mrs. Lorne to her husband when they were again seated round the fire, "and I referred her to you to express them."

"It is a large subject," said he, "but I suppose it can be looked at in parts. In the first

place, I don't think Sunday was ever intended for a *pleasure* day at all. It was meant for rest, refreshment, and the service of God. The pleasure-seekers do not secure either of these. They undergo great additional fatigue. They are jaded instead of refreshed; and they do not worship God or even attend the services where he is worshipped."

"But Sunday is for *happiness*, papa," said Helen.

"Happiness, little daughter, is a very different thing from pleasure, as you would know if you could compare your own peaceful gladness at the close of one of our quiet Sabbaths with the wretchedness of the crowds who dragged their weary limbs home from the park this afternoon at the close of the music."

"It was the music that I meant," said Katie. "I was told that poor people and work-people needed some rest and recreation; that Sunday was the only day on which they could have it; and that music was the most innocent amusement they could have. It sounded reasonable, and yet somehow I don't feel as though it was right."

"It is not right, as no reasoning, no matter how plausible it may seem, can be which is founded upon disobedience to the Word of God. In the first place, working-people do have other times when they can listen to music, if they choose to do so. All summer they have long, light evenings which multitudes spend in beer-gardens and saloons, when, if the park commissioners chose so to arrange it, they might be listening to some of the same music which is now all condensed on Sunday afternoons. And then most of them have several hours on Saturday, as almost all the large business houses, stores, etc., close earlier on that day. More and more employers are coming into the early-closing idea, and, no doubt, when the community is guided by a truly Christian spirit, the custom will be universal."

"Some people maintain that as music is elevating in its nature it is a suitable Sunday occupation," said Mrs. Lorne.

"That depends upon the kind of music as well as the circumstances and the surroundings under which it is listened to. Music in church is, of course, very elevating in its character, and,

when associated with sacred words and holy ideas, is a valuable means of grace. But music at the low theatres and concert saloons is simply debasing in its tendency, and often is a direct inciter of evil."

"Do you think," said Helen, "that the people who go to the park on Sunday afternoon care much about the music?"

"Not as a rule. Some of the Germans may, but our American population is not a musical one, and the Irish are still less so."

"Why do they go there, then?"

"To have a good time,—to fill up the idle hours of the sacred day, which they do not know how to occupy in any better way. They like to see the people and the dress, to catch the general spirit of gaiety, and, in multitudes of cases, to drink the villainous compounds which are offered for sale on every side."

"My friends said that the command concerning Sunday was about work, not amusement," said Katie.

"And how completely this Sunday pleasuring violates that command. What multitudes of people must work harder on this day than on

any other to supply this amusement. Car-drivers, gate-keepers, policemen, restaurant-keepers, waiters, bar-tenders, and musicians, to say nothing of the over-driven horses, and the over-worked mothers, who must dress up their children and convey them to and from the place of amusement."

"Yet a great many good Christian people advocate Sunday recreation," said Mrs. Lorne, "on the ground that the people need fresh air, and cannot be expected to sit in close churches, taking part in dull religious services."

"I know they do, and I have often wondered how they can so admit that religious services are dull to them. If it be so, we Christians ought to bestir ourselves and see to it that our service of God is made the most attractive thing in the world. As to the fresh-air plea, — there is some ground of truth in that. I have often wished, — seeing the popularity of camp-meetings, — that all our summer services might be conducted under tent-roofs in the open air."

"I think," said Helen, "that the noise and shouting which we always hear from the park

when we are at home on Sunday afternoons do not seem much like keeping the day holy."

"No, the tendency is just the other way. There is noise and confusion in the over-crowded public conveyances and at the ends of the routes. There is noise, riot, and all sorts of unseemly behavior round the drinking-stands, which are sure to accompany all Sunday pleasuring. Money is worse than wasted that is needed for the support of the people and for God's service; and the deluded pleasure-seekers, instead of being refreshed and invigorated, return to their homes, jaded, soured, cross, and quarrelsome."

"So the Sunday music does good to no one?"

"Yes, the liquor-dealers reap a rich harvest. I am afraid the park commissioners care more for their opinion than for the approbation of their God."

"Don't let us be uncharitable, my dear," said Mrs. Lorne.

"I don't want to be, but it fairly makes my blood boil when I see the beneficent provision which our wise heavenly Father has made for

the rest, refreshment, and spiritual growth of his children, desecrated and degraded into a heathen festival, positively injurious to them, by the cupidity and self-conceit of ignorant and designing men."

CHAPTER XVI.

A FAITHFUL TEACHER'S WORK.

AMONG the changes which the opening of a new school year brought to Glenwood was a new teacher of the department to which Lilian Cleveland returned. Miss Agnes Maillard was a young lady governed, as few even among professing Christians are, by the single desire to do all things to the glory of God, and of course she could not enter upon her position as teacher in a large educational institution without being deeply conscious of her responsibility regarding the multitudes of immortal souls by whom she was surrounded.

That they were young souls did not alter the fact that they were not only capable of sinning, but, unless the grace of God intervened, inclined to sin, and the other and better fact that, by the aid of that grace, each might become a shining light to show forth his glory, and to lead others

to bask in its radiance. She felt, moreover, that this was the most plastic time of these girls' lives, and that in all probability their eternal destiny would hang on the choices they might now make, the decisions they might form, and the habits they might cultivate, and she never entered her school-room door without an earnest repetition of the prayer which she had offered before leaving her chamber, that God would so help her to meet this grave responsibility that a great harvest of souls might be gathered into his kingdom.

It took some little time to feel her way and to commence judiciously, in view of the many conflicting opinions and varied denominational preferences of the families represented by her pupils. She knew that there is a zeal not according to knowledge, and that unless very careful she might, in the end, do more harm than good. The first step was to request the girls of her class, when answering to their names at morning roll-call, to recite a Scripture verse of their own selection, with which request, as the matter was quite optional, nearly every one complied. Occasionally a few words were added by

the teacher to impress the meaning of some one of these selected verses upon her charge. Next, in her government of her department, Miss Maillard habituated her scholars to feel that the authority of God was recognized in the smallest matters, and tried to make the desire of pleasing him the leading motive of action, and somehow, without inducing the feeling of opposition and antagonism, which direct religious exhortations and personal appeals would have done, there was a general tone of the constant recognition of God's presence and claims which expressed itself in both order and scholarship, and made the government of the department a vastly easier thing than such work usually is; so much so, indeed, as to attract the notice of other teachers, one of whom once said, —

"Miss Maillard, how do you manage to keep such order in your department?"

"I let God govern it," said the young lady reverently, and her questioner was greatly puzzled by this application of principles which, to her, had always seemed to belong to the church and Sunday-school.

But this degree of success did not satisfy the

missionary teacher, who remembered where it is written, "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God," and she longed and prayed earnestly for the manifested presence of the Blessed Spirit, by whose agency alone this mighty miracle in the hearts of individuals can be accomplished. Her faith and patience underwent a long trial. The bright fall months passed away; winter set in, the Christmas holidays came, with their distractions of entertainments and gifts and holidays, and then, when studies were resumed, and January was well under way, came the first drop of the longed-for gracious shower.

"Miss Maillard," said a pale, quiet-looking girl named Amy Lee, one day, when some school duty brought her near her teacher's desk, "may I stay and talk with you a few moments after school to-day? I want to ask you about something very important, but I don't want the girls to hear."

The teacher paused a minute. Dinner was always waiting for her at her boarding-house as soon as school was over, and dinner is quite as important an event to an exhausted teacher as

to her pupils; but this might be a call from the Lord in answer to her reiterated prayers, and what was any earthly interest in comparison with his call. "Yes," she said quietly, "keep your seat when the others go."

And so it came to pass that in the quiet of that deserted school-room, made pleasant by the slanting rays of the afternoon sun, Amy told her sympathizing teacher of her longing desire to commence a Christian life, of her blindness and ignorance regarding the way, the sinfulness of her heart and life; how, when she tried to be good, she only did wrong more and more, and how she did n't believe it possible that she ever should be a Christian.

And then the glad teacher, glad of the evident work of the Holy Spirit, and glad that she had it to tell, told the anxious young girl the story of heavenly love that grows ever sweeter in the telling — the story of the Cross and of the risen Saviour, who is waiting *just* now to receive and help all who feel their need of him. And the sad, anxious expression went out of Amy's eyes as she listened, and as she said, —

"Please, Miss Maillard, ask Him to take me."

The young teacher had never prayed aloud before any one. She belonged to a denomination where such things are not common, but, however embarrassed she might feel, she could not hesitate now. Kneeling at once by the side of her pupil, she poured out a prayer that in its earnestness and simplicity proved itself to have been dictated by the Holy Spirit, and was followed by a few simple words, in which Amy gave herself away entirely into her Saviour's keeping, and took him and all that he offered to be hers forevermore.

It was almost dark when the consecrated teacher reached her home that afternoon, but the glad joy of being thus made an instrument of God in the highest and holiest work for souls was ample repayment for the little sacrifice she had been called upon to make. And this was only the beginning. Amy Lee could not keep her good tidings to herself. Her radiant face alone told its happy story, and she very soon brought a companion to inquire the way of life of her teacher friend. Others soon followed. There was considerable religious interest stirring in the churches and in the community. The

hearts of many of the girls were touched by what they heard in church and Sunday-school, and they brought the personal questions thus awakened to their teacher for solution. Spare moments between recitations and at recess were seized for this purpose, and Miss Maillard spent many more afternoons in that quiet school-room, pointing awakened young souls to the "Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world."

But the young teacher felt the need of great wisdom here. It was not to be expected that all parents would sympathize with a movement of this nature. They sent their children to school to acquire a secular education, and they would have a right to complain should school-time be diverted from its legitimate objects, so, after considerable thought and some earnest prayer, she devised a plan which proved to be highly successful. Towards the close of school, one day, she said with cheerful seriousness, "Girls, you must all be aware that there is among you an uncommon interest in your own salvation and your personal relations to Christ. One and another have come to me, asking me to show them the way, and some, I humbly believe, have

found it, and are happier than they ever were in their lives before. Is it not so?" Three or four bright faces answered her. "Now," she continued, "I don't want this to interfere with our school-work. It would be a poor way to commence serving God by neglecting the duties he has given us to do, but I will be glad to give you all the out-of-school time I can, and if any of you would like to remain a few moments to-day and talk with me concerning *personal* religion, I shall be glad to have you do so."

About a dozen, including Amy Lee and her companions and Lilian Cleveland, did so. And this was the commencement of the half-hour prayer-meetings which during the winter months of three school years, that is, during Miss Maillard's connection with Glenwood, were held every Wednesday afternoon at the close of the session. As these little meetings were a real thing, and as their influence will be felt through all eternity, the reader will pardon a somewhat minute description of them.

They began informally, as we have already seen, in a personal talk with two or three young girls, but as the numbers increased, — the girls

asking permission to bring their companions from other departments,— a somewhat regular programme was observed. There were hymns (Miss Maillard procured about two dozen small hymn-books), and opening and closing prayer; a few verses of Scripture were read and explained, and an illustrative story or incident told by the teacher, with a direct personal application and impressive admonition to decide for Christ *now*. The girls were encouraged to ask questions on points that interested or puzzled them, but *not* to talk of their own personal experience before their companions, though occasionally the aid of testimony was secured by the request to those who had found Jesus as their own Saviour to raise their hands. There was never any hesitation in obeying this call, and as time went on, there was a goodly array of witnesses. Sometimes, too, the girls who would like to enter into this blessed way of life were asked to raise their hands, and, if any did so, Miss Maillard invited them to remain after the meeting was over, or after school on other days of the week, to talk personally with her, and in this way, as time went on, many more entered into the

kingdom of heaven. The interest was generally greatest in February and March, about which time special meetings were being held in the churches; and both pastors and Sunday-school teachers came to look upon the earnest school-teacher, doing her unostentatious work, as one of their most valuable auxiliaries. At first Miss Maillard had feared that in inaugurating such a movement as this she might be considered by the trustees and other officers as taking a liberty, and that the other teachers would not approve, but, to her surprise, the principal, on being consulted, gave his full permission, "provided she proceeded with discretion," and though the other teachers never offered assistance or sympathy, neither did they discourage any of their own pupils from attending if they chose. A good many girls from the other departments did attend, and Miss Maillard found substantial assistance from a few of the elder girls, who, with the enthusiasm of earnest young Christian workers, came to her aid. Among the most efficient of these were Katie Robertson and Helen Lorne. The former had been urged to come by Lilian, and the latter

now went everywhere with her room-mate. For Helen's great news which she imparted to her friend at the close of the last recorded visit was, that Mrs. Lorne, who had been for some time out of health, was going to accompany her husband to Europe, and, not liking to take her daughter away from her studies, had placed her at the Glenwood boarding-house, where, as all the rooms except Katie's were full, the latter was delighted to receive her dearly loved friend as her room-mate. And the two girls proved of great advantage to each other in both intellectual and spiritual progress.

Helen was still one class ahead of Katie in the school, and, being of even greater intellectual capacity, kept her distance without any particular effort, which had the effect of keeping the latter humble while at the same time exciting her ambition and spurring her onward.

The two girls were as one in all those matters which were nearest to their hearts. Together they studied the Bible, and together they knelt morning and evening, offering together the prayers which enabled them to walk successfully and safely through the day's duties and

pleasures, and learning thus to pray aloud in each other's presence, they were fitted to be of great use in assisting Miss Maillard with her little meetings.

Helen Lorne was as much of a favorite at the boarding-house as she had been at the Institute, and had Katie been of a jealous disposition, she might have felt troubled at giving up so much of her friend's recreation time to the other girls who claimed her. But Helen was always true to her room-mate, and now that both had commenced this delightful work for Christ and the souls of their school-mates, a new bond of union seemed to bind them closer than ever before. It was the first real work of this kind in which Helen had ever engaged, and she threw herself into it with all the enthusiasm of her nature.

Her studies and the other pleasant things of her school life dwindled into insignificance by the side of this newer and more delightful occupation. Indeed, for the first time in her life, "Miss Lorne" received a gentle reprimand for inattention from her class teacher, and an imperfect recitation was chronicled against her name. When her teacher came to inquire

how this unwonted thing had happened, it appeared that last night's study hour had been devoted to writing notes to some of the girls who attended the meetings, and the young lady was told that it is more religious to attend to our duties than to do anything else whatever.

Helen was a little puzzled about this presentation of the case, and wished very much that it were in her power to consult her mother about it. But as this could not be, she wrote a little note for the "question-box" next Wednesday, with the words, —

"Is it possible to be too much engaged in the service of Christ," and waited patiently for Miss Maillard's answer.

This question-box was a suggestion of Katie's, who had seen it used with such good effect in the "Do-Good Society" at Squantown. Our readers will remember that it was merely a little pasteboard box with a slit in the cover. At the opening of every meeting it was passed round, and any girl who chose dropped into it a folded paper on which was written some question, but with no signature. The leader took these out, opened, read, and answered them as she

thought best, sometimes calling upon the girls for the answers. Often the same question was duplicated, and occasionally it was too foolish or irrelevant to be worth answering at all; but usually the questions were such as expressed the real perplexities of the writers, and, besides suggesting important and interesting topics to talk about, served as an index to the real needs of the girls. Often they were exceedingly simple, the attendants of the meetings being mostly younger girls, and sometimes they were worded in such a way as to greatly embarrass Miss Maillard in giving the proper answer. Two examples will illustrate. On one occasion the question read was, —

"Is it wrong to eat candy?"

The answer given was, —

"Not in proper quantities, at proper times, and with the consent of your parents. But everything is wrong that produces selfishness, greediness, or forgetfulness of God, who has given us all things richly to enjoy."

"Is it wicked to dance and go to the theatre? My mother always does, and sometimes she takes me."

Such questions must be delicately handled. Miss Maillard avoided the difficulty by saying, —

"I cannot say a word concerning what your parents do; I want you to come to Jesus and become Christians. Then ask the Lord what he wants you to do under the circumstances, and I am sure he will lead you to decide so as to please him."

In answer to Helen's query, she said, —

"No, it is impossible to be too much devoted to the service of our Saviour, or to give up too much for him who gave up his life for us. But we must be careful to see that it is his will and not our own inclinations that we are following. It is sometimes much pleasanter to go to a prayer meeting and talk about religious things than to attend to some well-known though perhaps disagreeable duty. We are all apt to be absorbed by some one thing to the exclusion of others. But no service can really be for Christ which causes us to neglect any one thing which he has given us to do."

"But," said Helen, in her eagerness betraying her authorship of the question, "everything

else seems of so little consequence. Studies and accomplishments, and all that, are only for a little time, but human souls are immortal, and what you do for them lasts forever."

"We are not called to judge of the comparative importance of any duty, but only to decide whether God has given it to us to do. The simple desire to please him at any cost to ourselves is what he requires in us, and it may be more religious for us to entirely stay away from prayer-meetings and abstain from religious work than to engage in any active service whatever. Lessons are the appointed duties of school-girls. God has given them both their talents and the opportunities to cultivate them. Their parents, also, have a right to expect them to make the most of their time and of the money expended upon their education."

"Then," said Helen, greatly disappointed, "we are not to 'seek first the kingdom of God and his righteousness.'"

"Yes, we are, first in time and first in importance. No one has a right to do anything else until she has come to Christ and accepted his salvation; but this ought to be at our first con-

scious moment, and it does not take any time to believe in Christ. When we *are* Christians it is of course our first or chief thought to seek to please our Master in *all* our actions, and it is by yielding to his authority — that is, by obeying him — that we help to establish his kingdom."

"But, Miss Maillard, you tell other people about Jesus and try to lead them to him."

"Yes, dear; because he has commissioned all his children to 'preach the gospel to every creature,' and he hath said, 'Let him that heareth say, Come.' That command is spoken to you as well as to me. You can always be 'preaching' by example, and saying 'come,' by loving, earnest words to your companions, only don't neglect your other duties while doing it, thus bringing reproach upon your religion. God will give you plenty of time and opportunity for all that he gives you to do, if you ask him and are sincerely anxious to please him."

Helen thought a good deal about this conversation, and no one ever again found fault with her recitations. Somehow she always found time enough to attend the meetings, write notes, and talk with the girls who needed her assistance, without, in doing so, neglecting anything else.

CHAPTER XVII.

FROM DEATH UNTO LIFE.

AMONG the earliest and most regular attendants at Miss Maillard's meetings was Lilian Cleveland, who, as a matter of course, brought her cousin Nina with her, since Nina did not like to walk through the streets of the great city alone, and as Sophronia, who, by the way, held carefully aloof from the whole movement, "did not like to be bothered with babies," she was obliged to wait for her younger cousin.

Lilian had been for a long time thinking very deeply upon religious things. Her general weakness had disinclined her for the merry games and sports of other children, and her frequent illnesses had given her a great deal of time to think. Not that she was for this reason any *better* girl than many others who did not think so much. She was discontented and fretful, and

often rebellious because she could not enjoy as much as other girls around her, and as she grew older her very thoughtfulness increased her irritability. She felt this and made desperate efforts at times to "be good," as she called it at first — to "be a Christian," as she expressed herself after she had known Katie. These good fits, built upon no better foundation than her own efforts, of course passed away after a time; but it was proof that God's spirit was whispering to her, that they returned again and again, each time accompanied by greater earnestness of longing, and a deeper disgust at herself.

She was very near the Kingdom last winter when she came to Katie for advice and was so ignorantly repulsed. Then the hurry and excitement of the entertainment filled her mind with other things, and for a while the illness which followed prevented all thought of anything except her own sufferings, and she was more impatient under them and more irritable than ever before. But as she began to get about again and go out, her religious impressions began to deepen and a settled melancholy took possession of her, which only one thing could

ever remove. She began to see herself not so much to be pitied as to be blamed. The faults against which she had at times striven so hard showed themselves to her as sins, and yet at the same time she felt utterly powerless to conquer them. The more she thought about God the more she felt her sinful ingratitude in being discontented with her own lot and her unlikeness to the character of the meek and lowly Jesus. She knew she ought to love him, and she tried to make herself do so, but she soon learned the lesson, which we all of us have to learn, that no one can *make himself feel.* She knew she ought to forgive Sophronia's many little unkindnesses, and be kind and loving to her in return, but this she could not do. Even if she forced herself to do pleasant things she could not feel pleasantly about them, and sometimes it seemed to her almost as if she *hated* her sister.

As the weeks and months of the vacation dragged by, no one had time to think of the weary little frame that, just recovering from its long illness, should have had rest, recreation, and the invigoration of pure country air. All were

intent upon the preparations for Augusta's wedding, — that young lady's wardrobe, which was an extremely fashionable one, being all made at home, as were also the wedding-cake and other refreshments for the reception. Lilian tried to be helpful and kind in the emergency, to run everybody's errands and share everybody's work. But somehow her irritable temper *would* get the better of her. Cross, sharp words would slip out, as it seemed, against her will, and often passionate floods of tears would end her attempts at "making herself a Christian."

"Lilian is n't real well yet," her mother would say at such times, and good-natured Augusta would add, "Poor little pussy!" but no one thought of the unhappiness lying underneath this fretful irritability.

Many a time the little girl would gladly have thrown her arms around the neck of that good-natured sister, whom she knew to be at least a church-member, and besought her to tell her how to become a Christian, but there never seemed to be an opportune moment. Either there was a dress to be tried on or a direction to give about trimming, or else Mr. Peake had come

and must discuss matters with the bride-elect, or take her out. Besides Lilian's mind had got into a morbid state. She was afraid she should be sick again and die, and if she died she knew she could not go to that heaven to which only Christians can go, and somehow this thought seemed too awful and painful to tell to any one.

So the wedding and its excitements passed away, and school opened and lessons began. From the first, Lilian felt drawn to her new teacher. There was something about Miss Maillard that instinctively won confidence, and seeing her earnest Christian character, which openly recognized the claims of God in everything, Lilian, could she have overcome her shyness, would at once have confided her trouble and sought advice. The commencement of the meetings at once afforded the opportunity she sought, and, as we have seen, she was a constant attendant.

"Lilian, do *you* love Jesus?" said Miss Maillard abruptly, as she chanced to stand near the young girl when the meeting was over and most of the other girls had gone home. It was a way she had of breaking the ice. The words were

spoken kindly and in a way not to cause embarrassment, but in so decided a manner as to compel an arrest of thought.

Lilian blushed, hesitated, and then said, —

"Oh, no, Miss Maillard, I don't. I can't."

"Can't love any one so well worthy of being loved! How can that be?"

"Because I am so wicked, I suppose. You don't know how wicked I am. I don't believe there was ever any one half so bad."

Now Miss Maillard had reason to consider Lilian Cleveland as one of the best girls in her department, for, ever since the vacation, her efforts at being good had taken the shape of great faithfulness in attention to school duties. Strangely, as it seemed to her, her success in these efforts did not make her any happier or bring her nearer to God, but they did save her teacher from the trouble which idle and refractory pupils always give, and she was slightly surprised at this confession of deep sinfulness. But she was wise, or, rather, the Holy Spirit in whom she trusted put words of wisdom into her mouth, and she said, —

"Don't think about yourself, Lilian, but about

all the reason there is for loving our blessed Lord Jesus. Do you know what he has done for you?"

"Oh, yes! I 've been to Sunday-school and church all my life. I know it all, but it don't seem to help me."

"Let me tell it to you again. Perhaps you may see it as you never did before." And she told once more the old, sweet story of love and sacrifice which loyal and true hearts never tire of telling. Lilian's eyes filled with tears as she said, —

"O Miss Maillard, I must be more wicked than I ever thought myself not to be a Christian after all that. I should think God would hate me."

"God is love; he cannot hate any one. Why can't you love him?"

"I am not a Christian; I 've got to be made into one. You know people must be converted or they can't enter into the kingdom of heaven."

"Yes, I know, but God has provided all that is necessary for that. You have only to give up sin and trust him; he will do the rest. Won't you do your part?"

"Yes!" said Lilian; but she did not look any happier, and went home if possible more desponding than ever.

This state of things continued for more than three weeks, during which the watchful and anxious teacher realized her own inability to do God's work, while wondering why the poor girl did not find the peace and joy in believing which came to so many of her companions day after day. Again and again she talked with her, explaining the way of salvation by faith, in the simplest, clearest words possible. She prayed with her alone and in the meetings; she prayed for her much in private, and Lilian prayed for herself night and morning and a dozen times a day; but it did not seem to her that God heard or would answer her. She did not feel any differently; she was the same Lilian still, seeming to herself to grow worse and worse. She was still trying to be or do or feel something in her own heart and life—in a word she was studying her own sinful, weak self, instead of "looking unto Jesus." But her teacher could not make her see this, and so the days passed by, and the gloom on Lilian's face became heavier and heavier.

School was over one afternoon, most of the girls had gone home, but Lilian and her teacher were putting on their "wraps" in the wardrobe. It was some time since the former had spoken to the latter directly and personally. What she said appeared to do no good, and she actually feared to do harm by repeated exhortations which must in the end lose their power. But she looked at her downcast face with yearning sorrow, and a silent prayer went up from her heart for wisdom to say one last and effective word. At this moment an older girl, a member of another department, who had occasionally been present at the meetings, and had recently attended special services held in her own church, came up to Miss Maillard with a beaming face, threw her arms around the young lady's neck, and said, —

"I found Jesus last night, and I 'm so happy I don't know what to do with myself. Are n't you glad?"

"Indeed I am, dear, and very thankful," said the teacher, returning her caress, and then seizing upon the somewhat unwonted expression, "found Jesus," and its childish use in this con-

nection, she turned to Lilian, who stood looking wistfully on, saying, —

"Have you found Jesus yet, Lilian?"

"No, I can't; I never shall."

"Listen to me, Lilian. It must be either your fault or God's. Which is it?"

"O Miss Maillard!" said Lilian, opening her eyes very wide, "it *can't* be God's."

"Then it is yours. Let us see if we can find where the fault lies. You know repentance and faith are the two conditions of salvation. Either you do not repent, — that is, you are not really sorry for your sins and determined to forsake them; you are not in earnest about being a Christian, — or you do not believe God's word."

"I am in earnest, — you know I am, Miss Maillard, — and how can I help believing what God says?"

"Then you think you have really 'come to Jesus?'"

"I am sure I have; I have come a great many times all these many weeks." She spoke with earnest conviction, and her teacher knew that she spoke the truth.

"Lilian," she said, "you know the verse,

'Him that cometh unto me,' — what is the rest of it?"

"'I will in no wise cast out,'" said Lilian slowly.

"If he does not 'cast out,' what does he do?"

"Receives, I suppose."

"Receives who?"

"Receives you, — anybody."

"Change your pronoun;" said Miss Maillard, almost breathlessly, "you know what I mean. We are studying about pronouns in the class now."

"Receives *me*," said Lilian, a sudden light flashing into her eyes.

"That is it; now not another word to me, but go home repeating to yourself, 'Jesus receives *me*,' and repeat it till you believe it," and, giving her pupil an earnest kiss, she fairly ran away, lest another ill-judged word should weaken the impression produced.

We shall not follow Lilian in her homeward walk, where she was so abstracted from everything around her as not even to hear the many questions addressed to her by little Nina; nor to her own room, where, in the presence of the

Father who seeth in secret, she again and again repeated the simple formula of trust, and where the Holy Spirit whispered in return those precious things which cannot be translated into human language.

The next morning Miss Maillard, who had come to school early on purpose, passing her arm round Lilian's waist, said, — though she hardly needed to ask the question, for never had Lilian's countenance been so radiant before, —

"How is it to-day, little one?"

"I am sure the sun never was so bright before, and there never was so beautiful a morning. And I am so happy I can't tell you."

"What makes you so happy?"

"Because I am a Christian."

"How do you know you are a Christian?"

"Because Jesus says so. He says if anybody comes to him he won't cast him out. So, of course, he receives me."

"But, Lily, you have known this all along. I have been trying to make you see it for the last month."

"Yes, I know. It was true, but it was n't true for me. *I did n't believe it.*"

Lilian Cleveland was one of those delicately sensitive girls who cannot help showing what is passing within them. Her depression of spirit had been so marked that every one noticed it. Her mother even feared that she would settle into a permanent state of melancholy which would perhaps in time affect her brain. Her companions found her dull society. Her sisters stigmatized her as "cross," and most of her teachers as "sullen." But the change now was so marked that every one would have been compelled to "take knowledge of her that she had been with Jesus," even if, in the exuberance of her joyous enthusiasm, she had not taken every opportunity of telling them so. Her secret was such a glad one that she could not keep it to herself, and greatly astonished all her home friends by talking in a language which some of them had never learned, and some had almost forgotten. She even told her Sunday-school teacher; and that careless young lady awoke from her lethargy to find that while she slept some one else had taken her crown.

Of course Katie Robertson was soon told the good news, and in telling it Lilian said,—

"Why did n't you tell me what an easy thing it is to believe in Christ. All last winter I was trying to find the way, and I thought you would tell me, but you did n't."

"Lilian," said Katie, as a sudden remembrance smote her, "was this what you wanted to ask me about that day when I told you I had n't time?"

"Yes," said Lilian, but seeing her friend's look of distress, she added, —

"Never mind. It 's all right now. I don't want anything to be different, I 'm so happy."

"I know that. But how can I ever forgive myself for being so much taken up with my own vanity as not to take time to attend to you? If I did not know that God had forgiven all the sins and wanderings of that time, I shouldn't think he ever could. But I am resolved about one thing. At any rate, I will never again be so absorbed in anything as not to be ready for any work God may call me to do for him. This must be what it means to 'seek *first* the kingdom of God and his righteousness.'"

Lilian's new-born joy, while it did not at all

interfere with the faithful performance of all her school duties, giving her, on the other hand, a quickness of perception which she never had possessed before, showed itself largely in her zeal to lead others to the dear Saviour whom she had found. She watched her opportunities, and by a kindly, urgent word spoken here, or a sweet little note written there, she induced one girl after another to come to the meetings, and, having once come, she never lost sight of or let them go till they were personally interested in the most important of all questions, "What shall I do to be saved," and came to Miss Maillard seeking its answer.

Among the first of those thus influenced was Nina Sanderson, who, although not yet twelve, was quite old enough to understand her cousin's talk about the cross and the love the dear Lord Jesus had shown in dying on it for her, and to feel herself a great sinner, since the greatest of all sins was the ingratitude of not having in all these twelve years given her heart to him.

There were no barriers in Nina's way. As a little child she received the call to "come to Jesus," and, coming, found that peace, joy, and

power to obey him, which makes for us here on earth "the kingdom of heaven."

It was while talking with Miss Maillard, to whom Lilian had brought her cousin, that Nina said, —

"Oh dear, suppose I forget all about it when I go away from here and go home."

"The Lord will not let you forget if you trust him and pray constantly to him."

"Still," said Katie, who had come into the room, "it would be a great help to the girls if they could join the church at once, so as to commit themselves and feel that they are really on the Lord's side, and that everybody knows it. I felt a great deal stronger after I had joined the church."

"A good many parents," said Miss Maillard, "object to having their children become church-members when they are very young, and some church officers will not receive them. There is an impression that very young people do not know their own minds upon such subjects, and may change them."

"Sophronia did n't," said Lilian.

"Yet I think," resumed the teacher, "that the

church ought to take care of its lambs, even more tenderly than its sheep, and it is a great help to feel one's self committed."

The result of this conversation was, that Miss Maillard, having thought and prayed over the matter, at the next prayer-meeting produced a little, long book, bound in blue morocco, and said,—

"Girls, I have thought that as these pleasant meetings and happy days must before very long come to an end, it would be pleasant to me to have a record of the names of all of you who have chosen the Lord Jesus for your friend and Saviour, and pleasant for you to know that I have this list of names, and am praying for you when we are separated from each other. I would like to have as many of you as choose to do so write your names in this little book. No one need do so unless she wants to, and I hope no one will be so untruthful as to want to unless she feels she can honestly sign this covenant which I have written at the top of the page."

The covenant was as follows: "We, the undersigned, believe that we have found Jesus

to be our dear friend and precious Saviour, and promise, in his strength, to be his faithful servants and loving children forever."

The book was then laid on the table, and at the close of the meeting quite a number of girls came forward, eager to sign it. This the teacher would not allow until she had, by conversation with each, convinced herself that she was in earnest, and at least believed that what she said was true. In some instances she would not allow them to sign until they had consulted their parents, — who, by the by, usually gave their consent, — but by degrees page after page filled up, and at the close of Miss Maillard's connection with Glenwood her "covenant-book" contained *two hundred and forty names*, representing as many immortal souls, whom she could not but hope had, as the result of her efforts and the blessing of God, "passed from death unto life."

She has still that little blue book safely cared for among her choicest treasures; and, as from time to time she looks at it, tracing the lives of those who wrote those names, she wonders if she shall one day meet them all, "without fault

before the throne of God." Some of the girls have passed out of her knowledge ; some have already "crossed the flood," but, *so far as she knows,* not one has broken that solemn promise or turned back from following their precious Saviour. Occasionally some young lady or matron meets her and reminds her of the blessed time " when I found Christ in your meetings ;" or some glad parent tells of a dear daughter gathered into the visible fold, whose name was written for her beneath the covenant when she was too small to write it for herself. One name was put there when its writer was but eight years old, and Miss Maillard is sure it was that day written also " in the Lamb's Book of Life." Amy Lee's name is there, and Lilian's, and Nina's ; and on another page, among those who in watering others were themselves watered and helped in their Christian course, are those of Katie Robertson and Helen Lorne.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE SECOND VACATION.

WE must pass lightly over the swiftly gliding weeks and months of Katie Robertson's second year at Glenwood. Her faithfulness in study and her ambition to get ahead had not slackened. As before, she did more work than was assigned to her class; finishing and passing a good examination in all the junior studies, while adding several of those allotted to the "middle" class, in which Helen Lorne was. She thus had more in common with her friend during this year, and was able to enter the senior class, at its close, "conditioned" on the making up of certain studies, which, with her fine capacity and steady industry, she was sure to be able to do.

Helen was not at all jealous of her friend's rapid progress, of which perhaps, she would have been equally capable. She knew that, before

long, Katie must support herself by teaching, and that she ought not to tax her uncle's generosity for a longer period than was absolutely necessary. She devoted her own surplus time to the study of German and some other "extras," which did not come within the ordinary course.

There was again a crowded, hurried time at the close of the term; books had to be reviewed, examinations conducted, papers corrected, and all the multiplicity of things which make the "close" at a large school. The weather was growing warm, and as the girls were fatigued at the end of a five hours' session, Miss Maillard, who was wise as well as devoted, judged it best, for the present, to suspend her "meetings." The Lord's work, however, did not stop. The girls often came to her at odd moments for a few words of sympathy and counsel, which, somehow, she always found time to give; and from time to time a few more names were added to those in the precious blue book. Nor did either Katie or Helen ever find themselves so hurried or over-burdened as not to be able to speak a word in season "for Jesus."

Again there were "entertainments," and

again Katie was called upon to take a prominent part in the "junior exhibition." But she was living very close to the Lord now. She had learned to prize his favor more than human applause, consequently the latter did not injure her. She was glad to go through her part creditably, glad to please and do honor to her teachers, and devoutly grateful to God for both her ability and her success.

Helen Lorne also took part upon this occasion, when her beauty, grace, and elocution captivated all hearts. But Helen was one of those in whom temptations to vanity and the ordinary faults of school-girls seem to find no answering weakness. She seemed perfectly unconscious of the admiration which she excited, and this very simplicity of appearance added greatly to her charm.

The fact was, Helen was thinking of something very different that night. She had just received a long letter from England, telling her that her mother, who had expected to return at the commencement of the vacation, was still so delicate as to make it expedient for her to remain abroad for another year, the summer of

which would be spent in Scotland. At first she had thought of sending for her daughter to join her there, but she had decided that it was inexpedient for her to lose the last year of her school life, and the vacation seemed too short to make two long ocean voyages worth while. Helen must therefore give up the hope of seeing her parents for another year, when, if she had finished her school life and secured her diploma, she should meet them abroad, and have the advantage of a year or so of Continental polish in music, languages, and art. The letter was a very affectionate one, full of sympathy for the young girl's disappointment and sorrow for that of the writer, and it contained so many words of earnest counsel, suggestions of where to look for consolation, and prayers and hopes for the highest welfare of the dear child so far away, that the young girl's heart was almost too full to do justice to her part in the entertainment, and there was no room for self-exaltation to creep in. Thus does our heavenly Father take care nothing shall hurt us, and that "all things shall work together for good to them that love him."

When school closed, Helen went with a cousin of her father's to spend the vacation at the seaside, where, in a fashionable watering-place, the tall, beautiful girl of seventeen received an amount of attention that might have spoiled any one not already fortified by having early put on the armor of righteousness and taken the shield of faith.

But the young Christian passed unscathed. She enjoyed the bathing, and the boating, the rambles by the seaside, and the music and other pleasant things at the hotel,—even the amusing and merry conversation of the young men who paid her so much attention,—as a child enjoys pleasant things, without connecting *herself* with them, and still found her chief happiness in communion with her Saviour and in kindnesses done to others for his sake. The hotel afforded plenty of opportunity for these. There were so many young people and little children to be helped and made happy. Often the best seat in the carriage or boat was cheerfully given up to one of the other girls, while she took the least desirable. Often she declined to join in the evening games of the young people, that she

might devote herself to the amusement of the little ones whom she always gathered about her on Sunday afternoon, doing her best, by loving words and interesting illustrations, to lead them to him who has said " of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Helen also devoted much of her vacation time to keeping up her French and German, and to reading such solid books of history and travel as would best fit her for the delightful years to be spent with her parents abroad. And so the vacation passed away, and September came with its cooling breezes and its suggestions of labor, and the hard work of the senior year began.

To Katie Robertson this vacation was much like that of last year. Once more she enjoyed being with her mother and brothers, — for Alfred came home this year, — and greatly enjoyed their surprise at her growth and development.

She was " little Katie Robertson " no longer, but a tall, well-formed girl of seventeen, with a thoughtful earnestness beyond her years, and helpful, womanly ways that, while they gratified,

puzzled her mother, who could somehow never look upon Katie in any other light than that of her "baby."

Alfred, who had not seen his sister for almost two years, was the most surprised at the change in her, and could scarcely conceal his astonishment, that, young man as he was, and several years her senior, she was quite up to him in studies, in some things, indeed, surpassing him.

Of course both brother and sister had both left brave, bold Eric, — who was, nevertheless, developing into a good business man, — far behind in point of education. But Eric had book-learning enough for his position, and, being a great reader, was constantly adding to it. He was steadily rising in the mill, and would be well able to take care of his mother when she should get tired of caring for her "boarders."

One of these she would never give up. Tessa, the Italian, had become dear to her as another daughter, while with Eric she held a warmer place than his sister had ever held, and to Tessa he was a hero beyond all others. Their engagement was announced during this vacation. They were not to be married quite

yet, as both were so young ; but before very long Tessa was to leave the mill, and become to Mrs. Robertson a daughter indeed. Katie was very glad of this expected change, not only because Helen Lorne's superior attractions had never weakened her first friendship, but also because she foresaw that her future life as a teacher would necessarily keep her much away from home, and, with Tessa always at hand, her mother would not need either her companionship or services.

Katie found Bertie Sanderson much improved. She had settled down to her home life in the station appointed her by her heavenly Father. She looked quite grown up and had apparently changed her ambition to be a fine lady for the much more sensible one of being a good and useful woman.

Her mother, whose health had greatly failed, was becoming more and more inefficient every day, and Bertie was by degrees assuming all the duties of the housekeeping, and greatly improving the comfort of her father and the other inmates of her home. She consulted Miss Eunice about ways and means of doing things, learned

from her various recipes, and altogether introduced such order and comfort as had never before been known in that cheerless household.

Bertie was sincerely delighted at Nina's new happiness, and was very helpful to her little sister in the difficulties of the untried way upon which she had entered. The memory of her own stumblings and fall had made her not only humble, but wise ; and she strove very hard to make Nina understand from the beginning that the only way to walk uprightly along the pathway of holiness is to keep close to Jesus by constant and faithful prayer. So thoroughly had Bertie, by the aid of divine grace, overcome her natural jealousy, that she was glad that Nina was so much prettier and more lady-like than herself, and proposed to her father that she should continue to attend school at Glenwood, even though, to make it possible for her to do so, she must continue to do the housework without the servant which he had proposed to her to keep.

But the greatest changes which had taken place at Squantown were at the " great house," as Mr. Mountjoy's always continued to be called.

The house had a new mistress; for "Mr. James" had brought home as his bride the young lady to whom he had been engaged for a very long time, but who would not leave her home till the death of her paralytic father released her from her long attendance at his bedside.

She was a very sweet, gentle young lady, and an earnest, consecrated Christian, as became the choice of a Christian young man, and she did not desire in the least to interfere with or displace Miss Eunice as head of her father's house; but the eldest sister, who had so long devoted herself to the care of her family, and been mother, sister, and housekeeper in one, was very glad to be relieved of some of her cares, and have time to devote herself more fully to her outside Christian work than she had yet been able to do.

There was plenty of such occupation awaiting her, for the sunshine of the house — bright, happy, busy Etta — was gone. The places that had known her knew her no more, and she was more missed in Squantown than any five other girls would have been. Etta Mountjoy no

longer existed, but Etta Cole had gone with her young minister-husband to his new parish, where her indomitable energy was already beginning to make itself felt in various ways. The older girls of her Sunday-school class had been transferred to Miss Eunice's Bible-class, of which they had so long been almost a part, but the younger ones remained, and some others had been added to them, and for this class the superintendent had been vainly seeking a teacher ever since Etta went away. At the commencement of the vacation he proposed to Katie Robertson to take the vacant place, and, though at first she shrank with natural timidity from ruling where she had once served, it seemed so plainly her duty to fill a place for which there was no one else, that she accepted it with a deep sense of responsibility and many earnest prayers for God's help and blessing. She found the work extremely delightful, and, while thus gaining her first experience in her future work of teaching, was filled with grateful joy at being made, during those vacation hours, the instrument in God's hands of leading two of her pupils to rest and peace in Jesus.

Miss Maillard's vacation was greatly brightened by the letters which from time to time she received from the girls with whom she had enjoyed such pleasant and sacred intercourse during the winter and spring. They were school-girl letters, often badly written and worse spelled, very enthusiastic and sometimes full of exaggerated expressions, but the teacher felt sure that underneath all this lay seeds of a real love for Christ and desire to serve him ; and that she was dear to these young Christians chiefly for his sake did not lessen her pleasure in their affection. They told her about the various places in which they were scattered for the summer, of the influence they were trying to exert over the companions with whom they were thrown, of their continued faithfulness in prayer and reading the Bible, and often of their forgetfulness of these duties and their consequent failures in living for Christ. They asked multitudes of questions, and demanded advice upon various points, and the teacher's resting-time was seriously taxed by the letter-writing required in return. But work for Christ is so sweet that Miss Maillard was glad to be wearied

in his service, and thankful to be honored by so much work for him.

The letter which perhaps, on the whole, gave her the most pleasure, we subjoin in full: —

MY DEAR TEACHER, — I shall always call you so, though, as I passed the examination, I suppose I shall be promoted to another department when I go back to Glenwood.

Wherever I am, I shall never forget all that happened while I was with you, and I think if I go to heaven, I shall still remember as the happiest hours of my life those spent in our dear little prayer-meetings in your room.

I am more and more sure that I found my Saviour then, and I love him better and better every day. He makes me so happy sometimes, that I feel like a little bird ready to float up in the air, and go where he is. You can't think how different everything seems. I used to feel cross and hateful to everybody; I thought everybody was unkind and did things on purpose to tease me, I did n't enjoy anything, and sometimes I wanted to die, only I knew I could n't go to heaven because I was n't a Christian, and I was afraid. Now I seem to love everybody and everybody seems to be kind to me, and I would not be afraid to die this minute, for I think I should go right to Jesus, — don't you?

I 'm having the most splendid time. I never was in the country for a whole summer before, and perhaps you will wonder how I came here.

Augusta — that 's my married sister, you know — was

n't very well, and her husband, Mr. Peake, got board for her a little way out of town, where he could come every night, and then they invited me to come with them, because the doctor said I had never really got over that dreadful sickness a year ago, and that I needed plenty of country feeding and country air.

It has done me lots of good. I never ate so much in my life, and never felt so well and strong. I can walk as far and climb as well as any girl here. I suppose country air is good for me ; but I think Jesus is making me well and strong, because I ask him to do so every day. Don't you think it is right to believe that he gives us what we pray for ? He *says* he does. That makes me think how Augusta and I have agreed to pray every day that Mr. Peake may become a Christian. Augusta has been a member of the church for a long time, but I did not use to think that she cared much about such things. But since we have been together alone here, she has told me that she wishes she had been more faithful to Christ, and she is so anxious that her husband shall be a Christian, so that they can both serve him together. When she first told me this, she did n't seem to think there was much chance, but I got my Bible and showed her the promise,—

" If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them."

" I wish I had your faith, little Lily," she said.

" It is n't my faith ; it 's just believing what God says. How can we help it, if he is God ? "

So we agreed that we two would pray about this one thing till God had given us the answer ; and ever since I think Augusta is fonder of me than she ever was before, though she was always very good-natured and kind.

This is the longest letter I ever wrote in my life, and I have been a good many days in writing it, but I want to tell you just one thing more. We are not boarding in a fashionable hotel, but it is a pretty large house, for all that, and there are over twenty children in it. I did so want to help somebody to find Jesus, that one Sunday afternoon I asked some of them if they did not want to come up in the barn and have Sunday-school (there is no Sunday-school here, and the church is so far off that we can't often go to it) ; and they said Yes, and all except the babies came. I took my Bible and "Moody and Sankey" book, and some of the others had Bibles too.

We climbed up in the loft, where it is just lovely among the hay, and seated ourselves, and sang hymns, and read one of your chapters, and I tried to tell them some of the things you said about it. I prayed, too ; I thought I should be afraid, but I was n't a bit after I began. I just asked Jesus to help me, and it seemed as easy as possible.

Every Sunday since that, we have had Sunday-school in the barn, and every one seems to like it. Some of the other girls pray now, but I can't tell whether they are Christians or not. Please pray for our Sunday-school in a barn, and pray for

Your affectionate

LILIAN.[1]

[1] The above letter is a condensation from two or three now in the writer's possession. The story of the barn Sunday-school is *verbatim*.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SENIOR YEAR.

THE "Senior year" has in it elements of difference from all those which have preceded it. Not only are the studies more numerous and severe, but there is a good deal of class work carried on among the girls themselves which seems to draw them closer together than ever before, now that they are so soon to be separated.

There were thirty girls in the class of 187–, to which Katie belonged, and Helen Lorne was chosen president by general acclamation. They held regular weekly meetings, where business was done systematically, and matters of great importance to the class, but of little interest to any one outside, were discussed. As there was great diversity of opinion upon every point brought forward, there was plenty of opportunity for the exercise of a meek and quiet spirit

and of that charity which suffereth long and is kind, and the Christian spirit that in honor prefers one another.

The class, however, was a united one; and throughout the year nothing occurred which in any degree militated against its peace and harmony. Perhaps this was largely owing to the influence of the president, who managed to persuade the girls to commence every meeting with earnest prayer for God's guidance and blessing. They were shy and embarrassed at first, but Helen Lorne prayed as naturally as she spoke, and Katie Robertson's prayers were so simple and earnest that the others soon found there was nothing very formidable in the exercise, and sometimes the class-meetings were half prayer-meetings, two or three of the girls following each other with short, earnest prayers. It is not probable that this weekly half-hour was lost time either to the harmony or intellectual progress of the class.

It had long been a custom of Glenwood for the seniors to conduct a fortnightly newspaper, which, though only copied by hand and read aloud in the chapel on Friday afternoons, was

conducted with great propriety and form, and considered by the whole school as a very brilliant periodical. But the class of 187– improved upon the idea, and commenced the publication of a monthly magazine, taking entire charge of both the editorial and publishing departments. Katie and Helen were editors; two of the day-scholars, whose fathers were in the printing business, were publishers; and so energetic was the "advertising committee" that the publishers not only paid all their expenses, but presented the class with a surplus of seventy-five dollars, which was expended in gifts for the teachers brought most into connection with the class.[1]

Moreover, this winter the seniors attended several very valuable courses of popular lectures which were given in the city, Madame Brunot, the new French teacher, accompanying and chaperoning such of them as were boarders. One of these courses, being descriptions of foreign travel, portrayed in vivid language and illustrated by magnificent stereoscopic views, was of great interest both to Helen and Katie; to the former, because she could trace the route

[1] An actual fact.

of her parents from place to place in their journeyings ; to the latter, because she and her friend could talk together about the places to which the latter was probably going, and the things she would be most likely to see.

The "seniors" were looked upon as quite grown up by the rest of the school, and treated with great respect. Even the teachers and trustees seemed to feel for them a sort of deference. In the course of the winter, afternoon receptions were given by two of the latter, at which members of the class were introduced to many well-known citizens and some literary celebrities, and just before the close of the year the president himself gave a brilliant evening party, to which they and the teachers were invited, and where there was an elegant supper table spread in an inner room, while the piazzas and lawns were illuminated, and a band discoursed sweet music. To unsophisticated Katie it seemed quite like fairy-land.

As may be supposed, in such a multiplicity of occupations and interests, the senior year slipped rapidly away. Our young friends were startled, as each successive text-book was finished and

laid aside, to find how rapidly their school life was drawing to an end, and were sometimes sad to think of the inevitable partings so closely at hand. Helen and Katie, however, managed, no matter how hurried they were, always to attend Miss Maillard's prayer-meetings, and the sweet memories connected with their work at and in connection with these would, they felt, be a tie between them which could never be broken.

As before, Katie remained at the boarding-house during the Christmas vacation, and was very glad of the time, which she utilized in making up some of those back studies of the "middle" class. As only one or two other girls, however, remained, and these were not her especial friends, she was sometimes a little lonely and homesick, especially in the evenings. It seemed, therefore, a real kindness in Miss Perry when, one evening, she invited the lonely girl to accompany her to a "Christmas spectacle" at the Academy, for which tickets had been given her, and she went to put on her things with great pleasure. Had Miss Perry said *theatre* instead of *academy*, and *play* instead of *spectacle*, Katie would have declined to go,

though, indeed, she had very little idea what the theatre is like, having only heard of it as something which professing Christians do not usually attend.

The brilliantly lighted hall, the decorations, the crowds of gaily-dressed people, the fine orchestral music, the scenery and costumes of the actors, the perfection of the acting, were not without great charms for the young girl. But she soon discovered that it was really the theatre at which she was present, and her sensitive conscience took the alarm and made her feel very uncomfortable. Yet, at first, she could see nothing objectionable, and she began to wonder why Christians did not approve of such a beautiful place, when, suddenly, one of the actors uttered an oath, and another stumbled on to the stage in a state of seeming intoxication.

"Oh, how dreadful," said Katie, turning her head away and shading her eyes; "how can that man have got there; have n't they policemen enough to keep him out?"

"Nonsense," said Miss Perry, "he is n't drunk; it 's only part of the play."

"But why should he pretend anything so dreadful?"

"Don't be silly, child; watch and you will see that it is n't real."

And Katie did watch, while the great and respectable audience laughed and applauded at the pretence of things which, had they existed in real life, they would have blushed and turned away from in disgust. It was well that she was too unsophisticated to understand the double meanings which underlay some of the witty things said, or at all to appreciate the plot, which was the usual struggle between weak virtue and temptations to vice with which the moral drama and most modern novels are replete, in which, although virtue is always triumphant, suggestions of quite another possible termination have found lodgment in the minds of the spectators. Other young girls were in those boxes to whom the suggestions were quite intelligible, and the galleries were crowded with young men and boys who find the theatre a night-school of vice, from which they are promoted to the open saloons which gape on either hand, and graduated thence into complete and eternal ruin.

But there came a part of the play which Katie could fully understand. At the moment of her greatest temptation the actress-heroine dropped upon her knees and offered up an earnest prayer for help and deliverance. So perfectly natural were the words, gestures, tone, and expression, that it seemed impossible not to believe them all real, and Katie Robertson was completely deceived by the illusion.

"I am so glad," she said quite audibly; "now she will be safe; God always helps those that ask him."

"Hush," whispered Miss Perry, who saw that many curious eyes were fixed on the speaker; "it is not *good form* to talk about religion in public places. Besides, it 's only acting, just like all the rest."

"Only acting!" said Katie to herself, for she dared not again express her feelings aloud; "acting a prayer; pretending to call upon God before all these people. It 's awfully wicked. And God is real, and is here, and don't *pretend* to listen. When he hears words that are not said to him, but pretend to be, I should think he would strike the actors dead, as he did An-

anias and Sapphira. It 's a lie as bad as theirs, and a great deal worse."

After the play came the Christmas *spectacle*, to see which multitudes of children were taken to the theatre, and kept up to an unusually late hour amid lights and music and all sorts of unnatural excitements.

It was an exhibition of the celebrated "Bavarian Children," who danced and grouped themselves into *tableaux*, taking attitudes which could only be possible after long training and incessant practice.

The garlands and shining costumes, and the symmetrical motion and perfect time kept by so many arms, legs, and heads, had certainly a bewilderingly pretty effect, though Katie, not being acquainted with the secret of closely fitting buff underclothing was somewhat scandalized at so many apparently almost naked children.

"It is pretty," said Miss Perry to a lady who sat beside her, "and yet it is hard to admire it when one thinks of all the beating and starving those unfortunate children have been subjected to in order to make them attain such perfection of drill. Seen under gaslight, and painted up as

they are, they look like plump, rosy children; but I am told that the emaciation of some of them is pitiful. Their faces are wizened and drawn, and, though they are half starved and drugged with whiskey and tobacco to keep them small, they look more like puny old men and women than happy, healthy little ones."

"The worst feature of it," said her friend, "is the entire deprivation of education to which the poor little unfortunates are subjected. Forced to spend eight or ten hours a day in dancing and posing, they are taught nothing else; and when at last they grow too old or too big to appear any longer as children, they are turned adrift on the world, knowing nothing that will fit them to gain an honest livelihood, and what is to become of them God only knows."

"I wonder if any one ever tells them of Jesus," thought Katie; "if there is a Sunday-school for them; if they ever go to church." Had she expressed herself aloud, the audience would have been considerably amused at the conceit of a Sunday-school for the Bavarian Children, or of a company of actors attending church.

"I wonder," again said Katie to herself, "how Miss Perry and her friend and other Christian people can go to see, and thus lend their countenance to, such wickedness as they have been talking about." If the young girl had known (as, fortunately for her, she did not,) the exceedingly bad character and reputation of the actress who had imitated the prayer, — a reputation which completely shut her out of respectable society, — her wonder would have been still greater that reputable, so-called Christian people should not only patronize her, but even take their young daughters and sons to see her, excusing themselves on the plea that "art is above criticism."

In describing the occurrences of this night to her mother, Katie closed her letter by saying: —

I don't *ever* want to go near the theatre again. At the very best it is only pretending, or, in other words, *lying*. It makes fun of the holiest and sweetest things, and I don't believe people can ever be made more true and pure by falsehood. But I think it is a great deal worse than that. There were things said that night, which, though I did not understand them, made me feel uncomfortable to listen to. And I was made to feel that

the theatre was no place in which to speak about religion, when we are told, "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." And when we came out, I saw numbers of young men go into liquor saloons on both sides of the theatre door. Besides, when I got home I found it very hard to pray. I seemed to hear the clashing of the musical instruments, and to see the glitter and the lights and the dancing, and I could not think of anything serious at all. I don't wonder it is considered wrong for church members to go to the theatre, and I don't mean ever to go there again?"

"Miss Lorne takes the part of the princess; Miss Robertson, that of the fairy." So said Miss Sage, as she read over the list of performers who were to take part in the representation of "Rosedörmen," which was to be the closing triumph of the "Senior entertainment," given in May, before the girls were too much exhausted with their closing studies.

"Please excuse me, Miss Sage," said Helen respectfully. "I do not think my mother would approve of my taking part in private theatricals."

"My dear, don't use such inappropriate words. This is only a school entertainment. And a costume rendering of the German fairy story is only a prettier way of reciting it."

"I am sorry to seem insubordinate, Miss Sage, or to refuse to do anything which I am told to do by my teacher. But I am sure my mother would disapprove, and I must insist upon declining."

No one ever insisted upon Helen Lorne's doing what she did not choose to do, and Miss Sage, sighing at the loss of so beautiful a princess, turned to Katie and said, —

"Then you may be the princess, Miss Robertson. You are not quite so tall as Miss Lorne; but you will look very well. We all know your powers of acting."

"If you please, Miss Sage," said Katie, blushing furiously, for it cost her something to be true to her principles by opposing her teacher in the presence of her companions, "I do not approve of going to the theatre, and I think this is something like it."

"It is the most incomprehensible thing to me," said the teacher, whose voice expressed considerable displeasure, "that the young people of the present day set themselves to know more than their elders and those who are set in authority over them. If this is the religion of

which you make such a parade, I would prefer to have less sanctified scholars."

Katie winced, and Helen looked indignant on her friend's account. But both deemed it wise to say nothing further; and Miss Sage, running her pencil through the two names, wrote in two others, saying as she did so, —

"Miss Morton will be the princess, Miss Fowler the prince. I suppose I shall have no scruples to encounter here."

The young ladies specified both bowed in acquiescence, very glad that some girls had scruples which enabled them to take the most prominent parts in the entertainment. For, indeed, the constant prominence of Helen Lorne and Katie Robertson was exciting considerable jealousy in the class.

When Helen and Katie came to talk it over, both were convinced that they had done right, even though their action had seemed to place them in antagonism to their teachers.

They were still more convinced of this when, in company with their companions, they witnessed the performance.

It was exceedingly brilliant. One step had

led to another, and a stage had been erected in the chapel directly in front of the desk which was used every day for morning prayers. Across this hung a curtain, which, when it was drawn back, disclosed the princess and her court in the most brilliant and richest costumes. There was great admiration and prolonged applause at the beautiful *tableaux*, the graceful attitudes, and the perfect acting. But, when Miss Fowler, attired in a prince's doublet and hose, gave Miss Morton the awakening kiss quite audibly, there was a still more audible hiss heard in the audience; and Miss Sage felt that she had carried her plenipotentiary power as elocution teacher too far.

"I would not send my daughter to Glenwood Institute," said one gentlemen in the audience to another, "for a thousand dollars. Modesty is evidently not in the curriculum."

And his companion said, "Amen."

CHAPTER XX.

COMMENCEMENT.

THERE is always a sadness in the "end" of anything, even if it is the commencement of something better. The breaking up of old associations, the sundering of familiar ties, even the ceasing to perform wonted duties at specified times, have in them the suggestions of the painful changes that must come, one after another, as "the fashion of this world passeth away."

Even school-girls are often touched by this phase of sentiment, although in most cases the "close" ushers them into the wider and long-anticipated fields of pleasure and usefulness.

To many of the girls who expected to stand as "sweet girl-graduates" on commencement night, the long-anticipated diploma meant emancipation from restraint, and entrance into a life of gaiety and self-pleasing. To some it signi-

fied merely rest from long-protracted work; to others restoration to home friends; to others still the gaining of an honorable independence. But to all alike it was the closing up of the past, the seal put upon irresponsible childhood, the token that girlhood was over and womanhood begun. Even the most thoughtless were at times visited by these feelings; and in the occasional pauses between busy hours preceding examinations they served to mingle sadness with hopes of success.

Every opportunity was seized for cementing school friendships. Promises of frequent business and continued correspondence were interchanged, — promises whose fulfilment would, within a year or two, be swallowed up in the rush and hurry of life's duties, interests, and cares.

Helen Lorne and Katie Robertson were among the girls to whom emancipation from school and its duties meant something more than what is technically called "coming out." It was a fuller development of the *life* which they lived already, the presentation of broader opportunities and therefore of greater responsi-

bilities. They talked these responsibilities over a good deal, passing over the sadness of separation in the consciousness of a friendship which, founded as it was upon oneness in Christ, no time could change, no events break. No doubt they talked a great deal of nonsense, and planned a great many impracticable things; but the nonsense was innocent, and the plans, having reference mostly to the extension of the kingdom of Christ and the furtherance of his work upon earth, must have been pleasing to Him who fails not in rewarding even a cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple.

Katie Robertson often thought very seriously of the duties and responsibilities which she would soon be called to meet. She had studied with direct intent to become a teacher, and the principal had already exerted himself somewhat to secure a situation for her which would be at once pleasant and profitable. Her uniform faithfulness and docility, added to rare intellectual powers, had convinced all her instructors of her competency to fill any position which could be filled by so young a girl, while her tried religious principles fitted her to undertake that

moral control which in a teacher is of much greater importance than mere intellectual capacity.

At length, some changes having been found necessary in the Glenwood corps of teachers, Katie was offered the position of assistant to Miss Maillard, whose department was becoming too large for her to manage alone. As this was but a trial of her powers, only a small salary was offered her; but, on the other hand, Miss Perry proposed that she should live at the boarding-house and take Miss Thornton's place as a sort of supernumerary teacher for the boarders, walking with them in the morning, sitting with them while they studied at night, etc. Miss Perry was pleased to add that she did not know another young girl whom she would have been willing to trust in such a responsible position, but that Miss Robertson had proved, by her uniform steadiness, good behavior, and Christian principles, that she could be trusted anywhere, and her example would be a benefit to all who might be placed under her care.

Of course neither Katie Robertson nor her

friends could refuse so very good and flattering an offer. It was accepted with many thanks, and on Katie's part with great joy; for, as her board was provided for, she would be able to save nearly all of her little salary, and at once commence repaying her uncle what he had expended upon her education. Mr. Robertson did not veto this plan when it was suggested to him, for he admired the independent spirit of his little niece; but he quietly determined to lay by all amounts received from her and invest them for her benefit.

Alfred wrote that he was delighted with the plan, and he hoped it would succeed and continue; for as soon as his studies were completed he intended to commence practice in the city, and should want Katie to keep house for him. Eric and Tessa might have his father's old place at Squantown, but he wanted the wider scope of the city; and his mother might in the future feel that she had a town house and a country house, and could divide her time between two homes. Surely, as Mrs Robertson listened to the plans and considered the prospects of her children, she must have been filled with shame

and contrition for the murmurings and forebodings of her earlier married life.

Katie Robertson's heart, at least, was full of thanksgiving, as one day she slipped into the chapel, and, finding it unoccupied, went up into the desk, which seemed hallowed by the many morning prayers which had been uttered there, and solemnly consecrated herself to God's service in this new life upon which she would so soon enter, praying not only that she might be faithful to her duties, but also that all her influence, conscious and unconscious, might be holy, and that, like Miss Maillard, she might be the honored instrument of leading many immortal souls to Christ in the dew of their youth.

Helen Lorne was, as we have seen, to join her mother abroad as soon as the school term closed. Mr. Lorne had come over to attend to some business matters, leaving his wife at the Isle of Wight. He would remain to see his daughter receive her diploma, and then take her across the ocean to rejoin her mother. It is well for Helen, as it is for us all, that the curtain which hides the future cannot be drawn back; otherwise, she might be saddened at the pros-

pect of the long years she is to spend in ministering to an invalid mother, years which contain little of earthly brightness, and in which her youth will gradually fade away. But there is no fear that the years will be unhappy ones. Helen has the fountain of happiness within her; and let what will come into her life, it will be appointed by her Father's hand, and his promise will be verified — "My grace is sufficient for thee."

But just now, amid all the hurry and the sentimental and solemn thoughts, the question which is so greatly exercising the minds of the "seniors" is one of dress. That commencement dress! What girl who has been graduated in any of our literary institutions but remembers its paramount importance over all the costumes that ever were worn before or ever will be worn again, unless perhaps we may except the floating drapery of a bride. True, it is according to time-honored regulations to be simple white, unsullied by color or jewel; but even within these narrow limits there is space for the exercise of individual preference and nice taste.

Helen Lorne, in general, cared little about her

clothes. She had always been well, if simply, dressed, and her taste was so faultless that she *could* not have worn incongruous articles or inharmonious colors. But somehow this particular dress had taken hold of her imagination in an uncommon degree. The delicate and artistic fancies of her girlish soul should be somehow embedded in it, in the form of delicate fabric and exquisite ornamentation. So she planned to have it made of the finest, *sheerest* India mull, trimmed all over with a profusion of real lace, the question of expense never coming into her consideration, for Helen Lorne had always had as much money as she desired, and done with it as she pleased. Her father having given her a hundred dollars to use in any of the expenses demanded by the occasion, it was the most natural thing in the world that she should expend a large portion of it upon her dress.

Helen intended to go out on Friday afternoon to choose this all important material, and on Saturday the dressmaker would take her measure and fit the dress. There was a class-meeting before school that morning, at which some important questions concerning badges, class rings, etc., were discussed.

"Is n't it too bad?" said one girl; "I think it 's a real shame; we shall be an uneven number after all."

"What is it?" "Tell us." "I don't know," from a chorus of voices.

"Only that Clotilde Montaudon has backed out; she is n't going to graduate, and there is nobody else who can properly read the French essay."

"Not going to graduate! Why surely she has n't failed in her examinations, she is one of the best scholars in the class."

"No, she has n't failed, but she said — I don't know that I ought to repeat it — I heard her tell Miss Sage. She said that she could n't afford it. She had no white dress, and she had just found out that she could n't come in a colored one. She had no money to buy another dress, and no time to make it. She could n't afford the ring and badge either. It seems she did n't know about these things before. Miss Sage says she is terribly disappointed, for she will have to support herself, and the Glenwood diploma would be such a help to her in getting a situation."

The class president listened to all this without a word, only the hundred-dollar cheque which lay folded up in her pocket-book seemed to have become unwontedly heavy for a piece of paper. As her fingers toyed carelessly with the Bible which lay upon the table before her, her eyes caught these words, —

"Whoso hath the world's goods, and beholdeth his brother in need, and shutteth up his compassion from him, how doth the love of God abide in him."

Helen was impulsive, but her impulses were almost always right. She did not take long to think now ; but, as the order for twenty-nine rings and badges was handed her, she quietly changed the figures to thirty, and folded up the paper without saying a word.

At recess she sought Clotilde, who was sitting at her desk with her face buried in her hands. Hearing a step close behind her, she suddenly raised her head and made hasty attempts to hide the tears that would — though sorely against her will — come into her eyes. It was a great disappointment. She had worked so hard for that diploma, so much harder than the other

girls, — obliged as she was to study and recite in a language not her own, — and the diploma meant so much to her.

Clotilde was not an attractive girl. Her face was dark and plain; her manners quiet and staid, entirely lacking in the conventional French vivacity. She had only been at school this year and had made no friends. This was owing in part to her want of fluency in the English language, in part to the necessity under which she felt herself to devote every moment to her books, and more, it is to be feared, to that tendency of American girlhood to judge of social position by dress. Clotilde's dresses were all made by herself, and, being a French girl, she could not help making them fit well and look tastefully; but they were of the cheapest possible materials, and worn to the very verge of shabbiness. With neither Helen nor Katie would this latter fact have proved a barrier to friendship. But it was impossible to know every one of the eight hundred Glenwood pupils, or even to be intimate with the thirty who composed the senior class. They knew Clotilde as a good scholar, a French girl, and

one of the free pupils who were every year sent up by the public schools to receive a year's finishing and a diploma, after having learned all that they could teach, and taken all the honors that were in their gift to bestow.

"Come and walk," said Helen coaxingly. "I want to know and remember all our class, and I don't feel as if I knew you at all."

Clotilde would have hung back; but Helen's manner was very winning, and as she said nothing personal, but began to talk about her projected European travels, and asked her French companion's advice about things to see and to do in her own country, the latter soon found herself chatting as she had not done since she entered the school. Adroitly leading the conversation to herself, Helen then discovered that Clotilde was the daughter of a Protestant pastor in the south of France, who, having been deposed and driven from his parish in some of the many political convulsions of the country, had sought refuge in America with his daughter and her nurse. But the fatigue of the journey, the loss of his position and influence, and perhaps the extreme privations to which

his poverty subjected him in our rigorous climate, brought on a quick decline, and he died, leaving nothing in the world for the support of his child, who was then about ten years old.

The old nurse of the latter, however, did not desert her. Taking a small room, she established herself as a *blanchisseuse;* that is, she took in fine washing and ironing, doing up laces and delicate muslins in a way known only to French women, and thus earned enough to support herself and the child, to clothe the latter plainly, and to procure for her such books as were required in the public school to which she sent her.

Of course such a childhood had not tended to develop Clotilde's gaiety. In fact, the religion of French Protestants, brought up in constant antagonism with Romanism, is apt to be of a stern, ascetic sort, and Pastor Montaudon had carefully instructed his little girl in his own religion. He had taught her also everything else that she knew, and at the time of his death she had been uncommonly advanced for her age in all that could be communicated through the medium of her own language. When she went

to school, however, her difficulties were increased by the necessity of studying a new tongue which heretofore she had only known colloquially, and of which she spoke very little, having lived entirely with her father and nurse, who only talked in French.

Clotilde's gratitude to her nurse, however, and her desire as early as possible to relieve her of her support and pay back to her something of her indebtedness, had enabled her to overcome all obstacles, win the scholarship, and pass the examinations necessary for graduation; and now it was a serious disappointment to fail at the last.

As Helen skilfully drew out all these particulars, it did not need words to convey to her quick perceptions that the French nurse had strained her resources to the utmost in carrying her charge through the necessary expenses of the senior year, — providing books, stationery, etc., — and that to procure for her gold rings, silver badges, and a delicate evening dress would be an utter impossibility.

"I am very, very sorry," said the French girl, when she came to the end of her story; "but

of course it is all for the best. My papa used to say so always in his many misfortunes. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' Of course he will take care of me, but I don't see how. This seemed the only way, and I tried so hard. I wonder," she said with sudden brightness, "if the trustees would not send me my diploma, even though I am not there to receive it. I mean to ask to-day. Don't you think they would?"

Helen thought it possible, but she had another plan in her head which would not render it at all necessary. She had taken careful note of Clotilde's height and figure, which were about the same as her own, and that afternoon she went out shopping and purchased enough soft, fine white muslin to make two dresses. It was not, perhaps, the gossamer fabric of which she had dreamed; but it was quite fine enough to satisfy the most delicate and ladylike taste. To the muslin she added linings and a small quantity of Swiss embroidery, enough to trim neck and sleeves, and ordered the whole to be sent to her own dressmaker. The addition of two pairs of white slippers and two of white

gloves (with proviso to change should it be necessary), and two white belts, and Helen's shopping was complete. She ordered the dressmaker to make the two dresses somewhat differently, leaving open certain seams for such alterations as might be necessary, and ordered Clotilde's to be sent, with no name, to the dwelling of the *blanchisseuse:* and so delicately was the whole thing done that Clotilde never knew that the dress was not a surprise prepared for her by the indefatigable exertions of her old nurse, and she was grateful accordingly.

"I declare," said one of the girls on Commencement night, "there is Clotilde Montaudon, after all. What a pretty dress she has — so much like Helen Lorne's. But who would have supposed that a girl whose parents are so rich as Helen's would be dressed so plainly."

And not one of them guessed that the thirtieth ring and badge were paid for out of the money that was to have paid for Helen's real lace. Clotilde, in her innocence, thought they were provided by the school, in common with the diploma.

As to Helen herself, she was very well satis-

fied with her dress, or would have been if more important considerations had not claimed her attention. First, there was the music, then the reports of examining committees as to the general condition of the school, and then the essays, which, to the graduates themselves, were always the most important part of the programme. They were not, as a general thing, read by the writers; for, as the best writers are not usually the best elocutionists, it was easier in this way to represent the whole class. Helen's essay was finely read by her friend Katie, and the valedictory poem, written by the latter, was beautifully recited by her friend, Helen's poetic beauty adding greatly to its effect.

And then came the supreme moment when the thirty white-robed figures grouped themselves, as previously arranged, upon the platform, stepping out from the ranks as one by one each name was called, to receive from the president of the Institute the parchment diploma, which certified that they had pursued the whole course of study required by the curriculum, and passed all the examinations with

honor. When the last white roll had been handed out, the dignified president addressed them in solemn and affectionate words, congratulating them upon their success, and pointing them to the earnest life-work which lay close before them. He exhorted them to take up this work and do it honestly and in the fear of God, remembering that great opportunities always brought with them great responsibilities — responsibilities which no one can meet save by the blessing and in the strength of God.

An earnest prayer was then offered that that blessing might descend upon them; a hymn — composed, the programme said, by one of their number (Katie Robertson knew who that one was) was sung — and the benediction was pronounced over their heads for the last time in that place.

And here we leave our Glenwood girls, stepping down from the school platform, their ears full of the solemn, inspiriting words, their hearts full of holy and high resolve. Stepping confidently, because, in Helen's and Katie's cases at least, confidingly, across the brook which divides

maidenhood from womanhood, and which, while it is one of the still waters which flow through the green pastures of God's love, is also the Rubicon which can never be recrossed between Katie Robertson's future life and her three years at Glenwood.

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